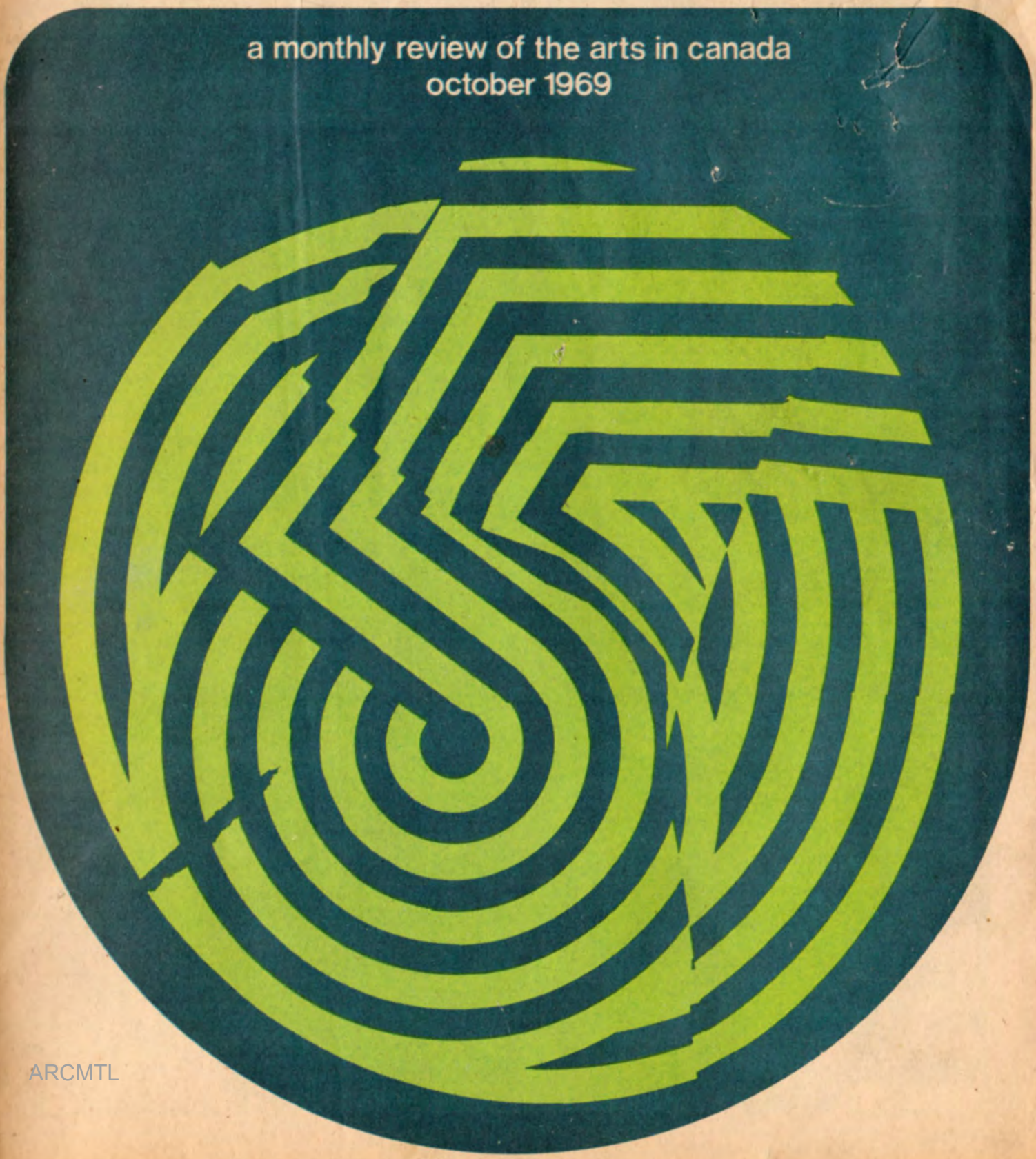
the five cent review

a monthly review of the arts in canada
october 1969



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vol.1, no.3 october 1969

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Editor: Barry Lord * Art Director: Nicholas Kolodka * Associate Editors: George Bowering (Sports), Clive Denton (Movies), Paul Ennis (Records), Barry Lord (Art), Patrick MacFadden (Non-fiction), Bruce Martin (Travel), Peter Smith (Fiction & Poetry) * Publisher: Peter Lebensold * Associate Publisher: Joe Medjuck * Assistant to the Publisher: Phyllis Platt

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OUR READERS

There's a clear schizoid split in the Canadian psyche whenever things cultural are being contemplated or valued. On the one hand there's the hard frost of business, politics, cars, mortgage rates, inflationary cost of beef, on the other the summer-soft approach to the arts and, less often, to education. We've had the mush of the Hall-Dennis and Mackay Reports in education, and we've got the blissless baby-faced prose of talk and writing about things cultural. To my mind the latter is getting worse now that the doing-your-own-thing Glads dictate the style of almost anyone who writes for the people.

Take as an illustration the overall format and content of the cultch supplement of any big-city Canadian weekly. Like the rest of the paper it's got 55 per cent advertising which shows in what tightly bolted stables its epithalamium is sung. This is part of its trouble; it's written in a context that's more grab than glad.

The kind of thing that represents the heart of culture-culture land is Boyce Richardson's piece in the *Montreal Star* for the weekend of June 14, 1969:

"From somewhere or other Alanis Obamsawin will borrow a bus and a huge army tent. And a lot of children. Black children. Yellow children. Indian children. 'Children who don't have any grass,' she says."

This is baby-faced prose. The stacatto pathos is there, the sentimentalising rhythms, the repetition, the over-simplification and generalisation, the simplistic at-once over/under statement, the grass wrapping it all up in a ruminative cud.

Alanis sings for the suppers of the deprived and lights them up with her caring. It's this *ignis fatuus* image of light that Richardson gives us, not the woman nor the complexity of the problem-certainly not the Indian woman whose three-century devastation all other Canadians should weep for.

Here's another passage. She is talking about an old Indian she admired as a girl who taught her that going to the movies wasn't going to another country:

"He never talked very much. He was not a big talker. But he told me to come with him, and he took me to his boat and rowed me across to an island. We pulled up the boat and got out and he told me to lie down on the ground out there in the country and look up and see what was there . . . I went to movies very often in that way afterwards. That was Theo."

The passage doesn't do her justice as a human being, and apparently a remarkable one. Is this Alanis, Richardson, or Richardson's Hemingway? It certainly isn't Theo in his *Indianisme*. And it doesn't do justice to the reader, who knows better.

Take another example. One of Canada's tragedies is that before it could cut its cultural teeth it got block-bustered by the faery-land revue of youth doing its thing when it had so much spending power and freedom and institutional ways going for it that few would gainsay its atavistic ecstasies. In the June issue of Saturday Night "Marshall Delaney" (actually editor Bob Fulford) caters to the whole pad when he writes of Mort Ransen's film Christopher's Movie Matinee. Apparently we all "laugh with them at him," warmly, deeply, love-inly, when "we" see the flower children "doing their own thing, superbly," and laughing at Lamport when he says "The greatest happiness is derived from work." Man, I just feel goo all over when those kids laugh. I run tears of exhilaration at the seams when I see them sitting intently like flowers in that li'l ol' classroom sayin' it jus' lak it is, "telling each other how education *should* be . . ."

The writing is rotten and rotting (transitive) because it's dishonest or stupid or both and doesn't care; because it's doing its own thing too and pretending that's all that counts. But what if doing your own thing is *bad?* (I know: "By definition it can't be.")

It's true that the whole point of the article is that the past has its enchantment simply because it's the past. It's true, but it's a lousy truth because it asks us to agree that no matter what garbage a film about the past is, we suck it into our peyotl souls and love it as enchantment. It's also a lousy truth because it lies quite comfortably beside the simpering, ingenuous Canadian bride of Love itself doing her own thing all on her mirror-happy own. As such it further emasculates Canadian culture, if that were possible with its phoney Prattean muscles. It also betrays the young, who are apt to believe whatever is said of them provided it's mod gear.

But then perhaps this kind of unsinewed sensibility in prose is to be expected. Generations have trod, have trod, have trod since before the Family Compact in compacts of genteel bourgeois cultural aspiration and Underhill Lightfoot liberalism that have given the direct lie to the last new continental dawn open to man. Perhaps through the symbolic immolation of the Indian, and of their better selves through relatively unattenuated mercantilism grown gigantesque, Canadians have been faced deep within with the massacre of human hope and have regressed out of shock into baby-faced prose simply to cry.

JOHN HARRISON,
Montreal

Re that penniless article on *Man and His World* by Carol Zemel in the August issue:

Mademoiselle, je ne devrais pas perdre de temps pour écrire à une telle pauvre personne comme vous l'êtes, toutefois je me dois de vous laisser savoir tres brièvement ce que je pense de vous.

Etes-vous tellement stupide, tellement idiote pour ne pas réaliser le tort énorme que vous faites à TdH? *A quoi sert cette critique déstructive? Que vous apporte-t'elle sinon quelques dollars si effectivement la revue vous rénumère . . . Qu'y a t'il d'incorrect en vous pour vous rendre si méchante . . .?*

Pourquoi ne pas aller en Israël, vous auriez là tant et tellement à critiquer que vous n'auriez pas à mentir . . .

A bon entendeur, salut!

MARCEL DU PLESSIS,
Brossard, P.Q.

N.B.: *il est évident que toute revue dans laquelle vous aurez signé un article, ne sera pas acheté par moi ou amis à qui j'ai fait lire cet article.*

Re Barry Lord's review of *Sculpture Hart House '69* in your August issue: may I thank you personally for putting in writing what I feel about the show.

Being young and impressionable, I was impressed by exhibition organizer Paul Russell's footwork. But as time went on I realized the truth, the show could have been organized by a truck driver.

My piece was an old one, due to the fact that I had a week to produce something for the show. The comment "a decorative derivation from Anthony Caro" could not be closer to the truth as I well know.

And what really cheeses me off is for the rest of my life I will carry the stigma that I was discovered by Paul Russell, which is "Horse Shit."

ROBIN COLLYER,
Toronto

P.S.: Thanks again, for saying what nobody else did.

ARCHIVE

five cents' worth of MOVIES

You will notice a change in the format of our movie coverage. It is now more in line with this magazine's treatment of books and records. The previous layout—capsule comments plus symbols branding good or bad—had its merits, but several disadvantages.

A film, after all comes to us as an entity. Rather a lot of guesswork is involved in, for instance, deciding what the direction has contributed and what the script. As for photography, take the case of *Justine*. This film seems very well shot, except that the colour has suffered from an unsophisticated printing process.

After deliberation, we have settled for a simpler approach. You may claim this, if you wish, as a victory for good old-fashioned words. Our apologies, then, if you miss all those circles, dots and squiggles just when you may have been beginning to understand them.

At the moment of writing, the current scene is still dominated by *Midnight Cowboy*. It feels good, once in a while, to have backed a horse which carries the public in droves.

It might be argued *why Midnight Cowboy* is such a success at the box office. A dash of sex never hurts a picture commercially and the would-be sensationalist market is a force to be reckoned with, as girls like *Inga*, *Valerie* and *Helga* very well know. However, neither does sex hurt, artistically, a film which is not (so to speak) erected on sex alone.

For me, *Midnight Cowboy* brings honesty, sympathy and gentle badgery to the ever-pressing themes of loneliness, illusions and ambition, great or small. It is not, by any means, a perfect film. John Schlesinger must one day curb a tendency to overdo crises and climaxes. Party-cum-orgy scenes topple his timing (as in *Darling*) and fantasy unsettles his restraint (e.g. *Billy Liar*). This film suffers at least momentarily from both excesses. I also sense a rather puritan determination to punish the main characters, almost from the start.

That's the worst I can say about Schlesinger. The best would take many more lines—if I had them. For one thing, versatility still seems to me a virtue, and there is a singularly confident change of mood and outlook from the English period romance of *Far From The Madding Crowd* to this tough American brawl.

Justine
Twentieth Century Fox
Directed by George Cukor. With Anouk Aimee, Michael York, Dirk Bogarde, Anna Karina, John Vernon
Let me cook my cultural goose and admit that I could never get into *The Alexandria Quartet*. The supposed splendours of Lawrence Durrell's convoluted style quite eluded me.

So it is something of a relief to find *Justine* a glossy, no-nonsense movie—subtle in its way but well suited to old smoothie George Cukor. There is a literary scent to the screenplay, but this is a whiff of Somerset Maugham more than anybody. We get quite a lot of urbane talk, some unhappy romance and a bit of horror, while the characters walk an Egyptian *Razor's Edge*.

Welcome back, George Cukor, anyway; it's been five years since *My Fair Lady* and current films are sadly short of your skill and *savoir faire*.

The Wild Bunch
Warners, Seven Arts
Directed by Sam Peckinpah. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Warren Oates, Jaime Sanchez
There is much to be said for *The Wild Bunch*. It opens up the not-so-old West in darkling images of great conviction. The bunch of the title, trapped with their compulsions and their needs as much as in the arid landscape they inhabit, speak, with too much cogency for comfort, of present American hostility and rage. All this has a power to unsettle and unnerve us—far more than the violence, *per se*, which is stylised and made starkly beautiful. (Stylised enough to placate a censor, one would have thought, and stylised perhaps too far for its own good).

I can scarcely blame Sam Peckinpah if his movie makes me feel rather old. Even youngsters today might excusably feel bowed down under the weight of the groaning Western Tradition. That last stronghold of standard Hollywood entertainment—the Western—now stands revealed as a compendium of social disorders and decay. Sam Peckinpah's daring may be self-destructive but it comes on cue. After all, this is 1969 and the milk train doesn't stop at many places any more.

Easy Rider
Columbia
Directed by Dennis Hopper. With Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, Jack Nicholson
En route to California and *The Grapes of Wrath*, Henry Fonda met with a cool reception in a wayside restaurant. Thirty years later, son Peter Fonda and friends do even worse in the 'greasy spoon' of their choice. The parallel suggests that bike-riding, drug-ridden modern youngsters may be self-outcasts—'Oakies' whirling their own dust bowl in their choppers' speedy wake. It is an idea both intriguing and arguable, like much else in Dennis Hopper's remarkable directing debut.

Hopper, as an actor, has always been interesting, though seemingly insecure. As director, he shows great technical assurance, but his film, in total, is awfully vulnerable. Are the hip world and the square world both so rigidly representative of, on the one hand, the good, and, on the other, the bad and the ugly? I don't believe so—at least outside the Deep South, by which setting the film deflects a number of nagging questions.

Twenty Four Hours in a Woman's Life
Astral; French with English titles
Directed by Dominique Delouche. With Danielle Darrieux, Robert Hoffmann
The ageless and radiant Danielle Darrieux graces a film of high romance, designed by a new young director with her loveliness in mind. This is Stefan Zweig country, a piquant blend of naiveté and worldly-wise experience of love and heartbreak. Superbly judged splashes of colour photography help to make the story as unreal as it is, ultimately, true.

Somebody once said about Rachmaninoff's music, likening it to a banquet, that the tables are groaning with food but the guests have all departed. If you agree with that Philistine statement, you are unlikely to enjoy this exquisite film.

The Hostage
Crown International
Directed by Russell Doughten. With Don O'Kelly, John Carradine
Nothing to do with Brendan Behan, this is a compact little suspense thriller, for some reason all shot in Des Moines, Iowa.

The last thing that such a modest movie needs is an exaggeration of its merits. But certain welcome, if rather unfashionable, things do deserve to be recorded. One is a skill in character sketching and a feeling for the quirks and impulses of different people. Another is a sure eye for the narrative vibrations of places—buildings and landscapes. This new director may, or may not, one day make a major film. At least he seems to be an honest man.

CLIVE DENTON
Associate Editor (Movies)

ARCHIVE

five cents' worth of BOOKS

Gates of Ivory, Gates of Horn

It is unfortunate that so few people know the difference between a non-book and an anti-book. The non-book is a *quid* reified even before its publisher encodes and containerizes it; it is what Dr Johnson called a "temporary poem," an expression of a writer's ego and/or a reader's ego (it has a "market handle"). "Scribblers and nibblers" was Wilde's phrase for those who produce mere literature and those merely literate who consume it, for those making a replica of another book (and calling it Life) instead of ransacking a whole library (and calling it What You Will), and those who hold the print-cult object in their hands and perform the print-cult rite of reading. Included in this category of non-books (as far as I am concerned) would be Mallarmé-style poetry, Joyce-style prose, the 'literature' of a dozen disciplines, and the sort of technology-for-technology's-sake job a senior editor at Macmillan did for Andy Warhol, any form of glossolaly or automatic writing.

An anti-book, more commonly referred to by Those Who Know when speaking to Those Who Know as a book, consists of notations contrived to eat themselves up in the process of being performed (the idea is Valéry's) which, read with the same spirit and in the same manner as they are written, take you where all great talk takes you—exactly where you want to go. A book survives being encoded and packaged; it survives its jacket blurb, its promotion campaign, and even its sympathetic critics. Like all created things it has an occasion, a nothing; but it produces its age, its age doesn't produce it; it is *on* its period, not *in* it. It is free of all of us, even and especially of its author. It is true anonymous history, a narrative image of the soul of man.

People have been confused, I suspect, by the plethora of non-books and forget, if they ever knew, how to recognize a book. Symptomatic of this deeper Dullness are the representationalism and literalism which authors plunged into themselves when they began meddling with the law because of vanity and greed (good old-fashioned vanity and greed). Unfortunately they chose to do so immediately before, during, and even after what Tocqueville rightly predicted would be *le siècle des avocats*. Slowly but surely the law got involved in aesthetics; the scribe Dunces of the Renaissance were replaced by the scrivener Dunces of the so-called Enlightenment. The consequent formulation of copyright, libel, and obscenity laws has inhibited, if not the great artists, the nearly-great whose proximity makes the great credible to us.

Invention, after all, is technically a matter of conscious parody; the creative activity, having no form of its own, must, however accidentally, take the form of its materials; a novelist, for example, has nothing to go to for his material but other novels. Yet copyright laws protect not so much the apparent subject of works (which they suppose to be commonplace), but rather the real subject—the handling which, whether it is good or not, is equally commonplace—and thus somehow Property rears its ugly head in the most unlikely place. Copyright laws inhibit both mere parody and truly constructive criticism (paradoxically, criticism and creation respectively).

Again, libel laws seem based on a parvenu and illogical psycho-sociological concept of being. I, for instance, am allowed to publish my own folly and viciousness, as it were, but no one else is allowed to help me do so to a wider audience. Others are allowed and even encouraged to regard my ignorance and error as my property, having no relation to this straitjacket society of ours, this long disease, our degradingly communal property, our life —a far cry, as Swift once noted, from the Athens where one was encouraged to attack individuals and deterred from attacking society-in-the-abstract as though it existed.

Finally, the obscenity laws—as illogical as hypocritical. No one seems to realize that the difference between, say, a laundry list (with which a fetishist could blow his mind) and, say, *The Devil's Brand*, is quantitative not qualitative and that any sort of representationalism (being, as Ian Watt pointed out, a consequent of philosophic sensationalism) is erotic. One gets out of things only what one brings to them, and depriving a sensationalist of one occasion for self-realization is not going to help him in any way in the midst of an infinity of sensible things. There is probably more necrophiliac pornography in any law library, by this standard, than in *The Devil's Brand* and yet authors are inhibited in mocking or analyzing this sort of eroticism by people raised on it—not so surprising, I suppose.

All this may seem irrelevant, but is not. Just as one cannot say what wit is but can say what it isn't, so one cannot say what a book is but one can say what it isn't. What a book isn't, then, is something produced by someone who is an author because he can write for someone who is a critic because he can read. What a book isn't is a *quid* produced and consumed by people who assent to the frame of mind which creates and sustains copyright, libel, and obscenity laws and their literary counterparts. What a book isn't is something which is representational materialistically or mentally, which obscenely drags into public view what it presumes to be the substrate of the inner and outer worlds, which is even more obscenely fed upon by the phantoms our society seems to breed. As Pound says in one of the latest *Cantos*, "The dead walk the land"—take that as you will.

PETER SMITH
Associate Editor, (Fiction)

Francis Pollini
Pretty Maids All in a Row
Dell
414 pp., paper, $.95

"Ponce de Leon found the body. It happened this way, he had excused himself, politely, from Miss Smith's Eng Lit class to go to the lavatory and masturbate." So Pollini breaks and moves, mixing in hard-core realism (*i.e.* sexual fantasy) with deadpan allegory.

The American way of death and sex—in that order—is the subject. What Hubert Selby did for Brooklyn, Pollini attempts and largely achieves for small-town middleclass America: his setting is *circa* 1965 'Sawyersville,' Tom's town. Pollini manages to sustain the bland, incriminating language of the very petit, very violent bourgeoisie, faltering only in a bad slapstick chapter on the lower class.

Hero is Tiger, the most successful high school football coach in America, and a Korean war veteran who 'just doesn't know' about Vietnam. He's also the school counsellor, and quite amorally screws all the pretty maids who come to his testing office. Tiger keeps a list of his conquests, and awards them stars for performance. He also puts his wife on the list—she is "a honey of a wife" and "no man could ask for a better." His eleven-year-old daughter is not on the list but he does like to think of her, "a cutie of a kid if ever there was one:" next year she'll be star-

ARCHIVE

ting at Sawyersville High too . . .

Sometimes Tiger has to cross a girl off his list because he has killed her. This he does even more amorally, and almost unconsciously. Making love just before one murder, he fantasizes about Korea, the Chinese army, Vietnam, and 'Ol' Corpone,' as he affectionately calls his President.

Tiger is, of course, a liberal, and very much against the inhumanity of teaching machines. Sawyersville has just been token-integrated, and Tiger "had certainly welcomed it." He's sorry when one of his football players, a black boy, is grilled for the murders he himself has committed, because he thinks the lad is "a credit to his race:" yet he's sure, after reflection, that "this fine young coloured boy" will be able to "look back upon it later in life as part of the grand fabric and design of his life."

Cant phrase for cliche, Pollini spells out Tiger's stream of false consciousness, and we know we're into the balls of America. The detective's interrogation of his young black suspect and Tiger's first seduction of a young negress student are sharply intercut, scene for scene. Gradually, drilling in, we come to see how much alike all the maids are for Tiger—each of them is "a hon, a bun" and all have their standard *Playboy* attributes—"what orbs, what thighs, what legs"—for which he cherishes them. The man's-mag fantasy climaxes when he whips his team to victory by invoking the memory of the girls he's killed: "Those girls want you to win— . . . Think of those girls! AT LEAST PLAY FOR THEM! "

Tiger knows he can't win against Time, and he guesses that's one of the reasons he likes to work—and play— with kids. He worries about getting old, and his favourite male student, Ponce de Leon, finds only a fountain of death, Tiger's first victim ass up in the john. Ponce also gets raped by his fantasy love English teacher, and at the end has to decide whether or not to expose his revered coach as a murderer. *Pretty Maids'* book jacket should be the Star-Spangled Banner, and Arthur Penn should make a movie of it.

BARRY LORD

Harry and Bonaro Overstreet
The FBI in Our Open Society
McLeod
400 pp., cloth, $8.75

Well-written rebuttal of current pig-sticking. Authors have had obviously easy access to sources—"no way for us to give individual credit to the many persons who have helped us along the way; so we will simply voice our thanks to them all."

Not Most Wanted Book among Martin Luther King admirers.

PATRICK MacFADDEN

Iris Murdoch
Bruno's Dream
Clarke-Irwin
293 pp., cloth, $5.95

Margaret Laurence
The Fire-Dwellers
McClelland and Stewart
308 pp., cloth, $5.95

In *Bruno's Dream*, an old man lies dying in a shabby house by the Thames, obsessed with his spider-web of a past, enmeshed in the immediate web of relationships—his friendly, easy-going son-in-law, his estranged son, and the women with whom they are involved. Here is all the Murdoch magic of atmosphere, of beauty half-concealed, within which is the vinous growth of fact over fantasy as ever subtly apprehended. But here also—as definitive as a shaft of sunlight in a dusty room —is an unexpected interpolation of an assent to death arising from the revaluation of life. The green-limned, dusty angels of Murdoch's previous heavenly hells shake out their much-creased wings and discover a capacity to fly.

The Fire-Dwellers is as far-removed in setting and subject from *Bruno's Dream* as one can imagine, and yet Laurence and Murdoch, with their originally different destinations have, by their own separate stars, been guided to the same crossroads.

The Fire-Dwellers concerns a middle-aging housewife in a western Canadian town—with four children, a partially estranged husband, and a limited income. But a dreary documentation of an even more dreary social phenomenon is radiantly suffused with Laurence's poignant sense of reality. While it has always been Murdoch's forte to explore the half-tones and nuances of the imagination, Laurence's painful awareness has always been of the immediate physical world—the sagging flesh that encumbers the spirit, the today that denies tomorrow. Yet in this middleclass odyssey of an ordinary woman, Laurence not only breathes life into predetermined clay but also succeeds in defining that sudden soaring of self which derides the cold-comfort world of impotent technology to which we are self-condemned. With this shout of freedom, Stacey joins Murdoch's angels.

The two novelists, each presenting a side of the well-worn coin of dream-versus-reality, have both transcended their currency. Both have radically departed from their own previous work and this fact alone should stimulate readers—if not critics. Why is it, by the way, that in all the erudite reviews I have read no one has noted that Laurence has at last written a robust, humorous story about body-into-mind and that Murdoch has at last written an equally joyous revelation of mind-into-body?

PAMELA FRY

W.O. Henderson
The Industrialization of Europe
Thomas Nelson
200 pp., paper, $4.95

Two hundred pages of densely illustrated text are scarcely sufficient to do more than briefly outline that period of roughly 130 years referred to as the Industrial Revolution. Dr Henderson's text is little more than a gathering together of entries for an encyclopaedia, but, well-written and intelligently organized, it is surprisingly readable. There is a certain dynamism about this unrelenting catalogue of dates, names, events, machines and movements. This was a time when some found they could change their own and others' lives so completely that they re-invented God in their own image. Others wondered if they had been sent directly to Hell. Certainty and insecurity existed side by side, creating excitement, innovation and the most extraordinary pedantry.

In a sense, the illustrations are the guts of this book, supplemented by a factual commentary. The selection and arrangement of the pictures raise it well above the mean of yet another un-noteworthy brief history. There is a well-balanced cross-section of popular engravings, early photographs, graphics and fine art, satisfying the curiosity with drawings of the important early machines, and portraits of the inventors, financiers and entrepreneurs who made use of them, and of the philosophers and revolutionaries who tried to relate them to man. They also show the unbelievably squalid conditions of living and working in which the poor, more or less, existed.

Seurat's *Eiffel Tower*, on the other hand, typifies the influence of technology on the arts—the triumphant creation of the emergent steel industry recorded by a pointillist, a painter-technologue. It also becomes clear that the self-deceptive romanticism of the pre-Raphaelites was just as much a part of the conflict between man and machinery as was that of the Impressionists. They seem to be trying to impose a reality of truth and beauty on a world which was becoming increasingly incompatible with it.

Brunel, a miniature man beside the anchor chains of the *Great Eastern*, Naysmith's own painting of the steam hammer he invented, the molten iron glowing in the gloom of the foundry, and Annie Besant's pitiful match-girls—all are moving images of the last century, a century whose evils and virtues seem almost to have invented our own.

LINDA KNELMAN

Marc Connelly
Voices Offstage: A Book of Memoirs
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
258 pp., cloth, $7.25

Lillian Gish (with Ann Pinchot)
The Movies, Mr. Griffith and Me
Prentice-Hall
388 pp., cloth, $9.50

J.C. Trewin
Robert Donat: A Biography
Heinemann
252 pp., cloth, $9.50

Salka Viertel
The Kindness of Strangers
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
338 pp., cloth, $8.50

Show-biz autobiographies far too often fall into the glib, routine style familiar as the 'and

ARCMTL

Russell Marois is a young Montreal author whose first novel, The Telephone Pole, *is to be published by House of Anansi in Toronto this month. Here is an excerpt from* The Telephone Pole, *entitled "Twenty-three Hundred Bottles."*

It was five o'clock. Lionel leaned against the stove. Slowly he remembered walking home after school just before it was quite dark and stopping and looking at a field of snow and some telephone wires and the dirt on passing hubcaps and suddenly feeling something he never had felt before. Lionel sat down.

Shortly after that he began doing perverse things like walking to school and then walking back home and then walking to school and then walking back home and then walking to school and then walking back home and then walking to school and then walking back home and thus all night.

Lionel crossed his legs.

One night his father. Later as they sat in the car.

"What's the matter son? "

"Nothing's the matter."

"What are you doing on the street at 2 o'clock in the morning? "

"I'm walking to school."

"School doesn't start till nine."

"I know."

"Well what are you doing walking to school then? "

"I don't know."

"This you must know."

"I know."

"Well then what are you doing here? "

"I don't know."

"Do you know where you are now? "

"I know."

"Where? "

"I'm on the street at two o'clock in the morning."

"That's right. Why? "

"Because I can't sleep."

"If you can't sleep you take sleeping pills. If you want to walk you walk up and down your room. How much longer do you think you will go on like this? "

"What? "

"This."

"I don't know."

"Not much longer."

Lionel's father leaned over the steering wheel and looked at the streetlight under which they were parked and the dark green grass of somebody's lawn. Lionel looked too but all he saw was the steering wheel and the streetlight and the dark green grass.

"Your mother is sitting at home crying."

"Why? "

"Because you're not there."

The boy turned in his seat and looked at his father and smiled, "I'm on my way home."

His father continued staring out the window.

"Do you like walking on the street at night? "

"Yeah. I like it."

The wind made a whistling sound in the corners of the windows.

"It doesn't scare you? "

The boy looked at his father surprised.

"No."

"Would it scare you if we started the car and drove down the street and out of this town and never came back? "

"No. I'd like that."

"What about your mother? "

The boy listened wondering whether he had stepped into a trap. He looked at the steering wheel and the dark green grass.

"We couldn't bring her along eh? "

The man leaned over the steering wheel and stared down the road.

"No we couldn't bring her along."

The boy looked at him.

"Well what do we do? "

"I don't know. You think your mother would be happy if we left? "

"I think so."

"Why? "

The boy looked at his father and smiled.

"I don't know."

A car travelling in the opposite direction lit up two occupants sitting in a car under a streetlight and passed. The man looked at the boy.

"It's not that easy."

"What isn't? "

"I don't know, things." He leaned over the steering wheel and continued staring down the road.

"You know Lionel when I was your age I used to go and sit by the railroad track."

"I sometimes go down to the railroad track too. I don't just sit there though, I break bottles."

Lionel looked up at his father.

"Do you know how many bottles I broke last time? "

"How many? "

"Twenty-three hundred."

Lionel said this and started laughing.

The boy looked at a cat run across the road.

"Lionel I want you to promise me you won't walk on the street anymore at two o'clock in the morning." The boy looked at his father. "Promise? " The boy smiled a weird bewildered smile empty of promise.

"I couldn't do that."

It was quiet in the car. A little way down the street, a fat orange and black cat sat on the steps of a house. The boy leaned on the dashboard and watched it. Under the glare of the street light it looked not only orange and black but green.

"Why not? "

Lionel continued staring at the cat. It is a beautiful cat, he thought.

"Lionel."

"Yes."

"Why not? "

Lionel looked at his father perplexed "What why not? "

His father didn't answer him. Lionel looked at him and then grabbed his coat sleeve, "Hey you see that cat? "

His father bent over and looked out the front windshield of the car.

"Nice cat eh? "

Lionel laughed. His father continued staring out the window. Sometimes he saw the dark green grass shining in the streetlight and sometimes he didn't.

"What would you like most, Lionel, next to leaving this town? "

Lionel looked at his father's hands resting on the steering wheel. "I'd like to go to reform school."

Lionel's father turned around, looked at him and said something his voice like that of a man whose son has just turned into a fish and is flopping over the floor gasping for breath while he stands helplessly by. Lionel looked at his father.

"What's the matter? "

Lionel's father looked at him.

"Nothing's the matter. Nothing."

Lionel turned around. His father's hands were resting still on the steering wheel except for the little finger of his right hand which twitched.

"Hey Dad."

"What is it, Lionel? "

"What's the matter with your finger? "

Lionel's father looked at his finger and Lionel looked at it, and as they did the finger twitched. Lionel laughed.

"It's almost as if it didn't belong to you." Lionel slid across the seat of the car, moving his face close to his father's.

"Who do you think it belongs to? "

The man looked down at his finger again. His father laughed nervously, "Well I think it belongs to me."

Lionel looked up at his father and nodded.

"Yes I think so too." Lionel slid back to the other end of the seat. The cat was still sitting on the steps of the house. Lionel looked at the cat and then turned around and looked at his father.

"What do you want? "

"I don't know, Lionel."

"Leave me alone. Will you. Just leave me alone."

Lionel's father turned around and looked at him and said; "Alright, Lionel. I'll leave you alone."

Lionel swivelled on his chair and looked out the window at the hockey rink lights. It was snowing outside.

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then I wrote, as told to' syndrome. Incidents and anecdotes, no matter how interesting or important in themselves, gradually lose any sense of significance, strung loosely together in a seemingly timeless void. 'Are we in the twenties now, or back at the turn of the century? ' asks the bewildered reader. One could care less, confronted with the shapeless, graceless style typical of many such publications.

Fortunately these four titles are above average, though the Connelly volume comes perilously close to perpetrating most of the sins of the genre. He rambles around too much, and while his opening chapter brilliantly sketches a child's first acquaintance with the theatre, we really get little sense throughout of his development and eventual success as a playwright. Even for a book of memoirs much of the material remains curiously underdeveloped and unmemorable. Amusing at the time, but little else.

Still, Connelly has few pretensions, though the narrative halts somewhere in the early forties, leaving the impression the book has been awaiting publication for some time. One amusing typo has Connelly persuading Henry Ford to come to a "deicision."

Deborah Kerr's mother-in-law and wife of Berthold (immortalized as Friedrich Bergmann in Christopher Isherwood's Prater Violet), Garbo specialist Salka Viertel has had a crowded life that has encompassed a large portion of the theatrical, literary and cinematic life of our century. She seems to have known everyone of importance in the artistic life of pre- and post-war Germany and Austria, both there and in exile in America, from Max Reinhardt (for whom she acted) to Arnold Schoenberg.

But her book is by no means a name-dropping chronicle, for Salka Viertel's personal history is fascinating in its own right. Her husband's shifting fortunes resulted in many changes of scene and, finally settled in Hollywood, she played Catherine the Great in his The Seven Faces. As she says "the experience did not make me wish to become a movie actress. Acting in fragments is like drinking from an eyedropper when you are parched." Still, she plays the Marie Dressler role in the German version of Anna Christie opposite Garbo, and initiates the project that results in Queen Christina.

Her account of the Eisenstein-Sinclair fiasco and the circumstances of Murnau's death are important footnotes to film history. I wish, though, she wouldn't make us guess at the titles of several films, nor be quite so coy about her own amatory exploits. But really classic is her account of the early scripting problems on Madame Curie, an absolutely hilarious exposure of the Hollywood mentality.

J.C. Trewin's official biography of the well-loved Robert Donat reveals an actor best known for his film portrayals, who used his Oscar as a doorstop and would have preferred a theatrical fame he only briefly attained. Donat's penchant for saving every scrap of personal trivia has helped Trewin enormously, and in his own peculiar staccato style he presents what is finally a very depressing story.

Always dogged by serious ill-health, Donat's personal idiosyncracies were often his own worst enemy. A thorough professional, his drive for perfection led to endless niggling and much taking of offence where none was intended. On the other hand he could be wonderfully warm and humorous. Trewin deftly manages to balance this portrait of a hopelessly self-divided man. There is a meticulous appendix of Donat's stage and screen roles.

Long-promised, and deserving its current best-seller status, is Lillian Gish's autobiography. But it is not only Miss Gish's story. Pride of place is given to D.W. Griffith who first brought her to stardom, and the book's greatest interest and value is in its loving portrait of the creator of the art of telling stories on film. The detailed insight we are given into Griffith's working methods is endlessly fascinating and important, for Miss Gish lays to rest several myths that have grown up around the Griffith legend.

Miss Gish has also always been a thorough professional, and her devotion and allegiance to her art illuminate the entire book, from her early days as a child trouper, so often barely existing with her sister Dorothy and their mother, to her triumphs in the twenties and on through her still continuing career. Many of us know only her later work, the beautiful cameo role in Orders to Kill, the gutsy performances in The Cobweb and The Comedians, but to see her La Bohème is to experience the revelation of intense, dedicated artistry. A remarkable woman.

I do question her remarks on Night of the Hunter, though. One of her best performances, but one wonders how she could so misinterpret the entire film's achievement. Also, a few trenchant remarks about unnamed (by Miss Gish) directors should be clarified. The talentless, tasteless director of her first talkie, One Romantic Night, was Paul L. Stein; and the abusive German female director of the abortive English stage production of The Old Maid was Leontine Sagan of whom Trewin remarks: "[she] had a way of treating any company as if it were her cast of Mädchen in Uniform."

GLEN HUNTER

Jacques Godbout et John Robert Colombo
La Grande Muraille de Chine
Editions du Jour
pagination en chinois, paper, $4.00

John Colombo's brilliant pastiche, *The Great Wall of China* (Delta, 1966), assured his position as one of the most inventive writers in English-speaking Canada—in the strictest sense of the word inventive. I emphasize his inventiveness because many have still to realize that true originality consists in *deliberate* derivativeness. And now one of French-speaking Canada's most inventive writers, Jacques Godbout, has reinvented (not just translated, but repastiched) Colombo to create *La Grande Muraille de Chine*.

On one level, *La Grande Muraille de Chine* is a Québec nationalist statement. Many reviewers in Québec have taken it as such and Godbout himself encouraged such interpretation in his introduction:

"Pour Colombo un mur est un élément négatif qui divise . . . et qu'il faut abbatre. Pour moi, un mur est un élément positif qui délimite . . . et au pied duquel il fait parfois bon de s'asseoir au soleil . . .
En ce sens The Great Wall of China *est un livre dans la plus pure tradition anglosaxonne de la défense des libertés individuelles, et La Grande Muraille de Chine un livre québecois qui voudrait satisfaire le double besoin de l'ordre des murs et du plaisir de les sauter."*

But on another level, this reworking of snippets about the Great Wall has for its subject the Canadian dialogue. The more remote and exotic the apparent subject, the more immediate and commonplace the real subject. The two writers are not finding/creating a common object but rather a common point of view—*faute de mieux*, a Canadian one. Both Colombo and Godbout, while not anti-American, are consciously non-American, and while not pro-English or pro-French are consciously pro-European—if only because they share a thing which McLuhan, over-eager to attack the inventor of moveable type, forgot: the Gutenberg method of composition (pastiche), which is equally evident in Pope or Pascal, is the very foundation of the poetry of allusion. Godbout has made an essentially radical work quintessentially radical.

PETER SMITH

Raymond Hull
How to get what you want
Longmans Canada
256 pp., cloth

Well, nothing happened.
Maybe you have to read it *twice*?

PATRICK MacFADDEN

Cleve Gray (ed.)
David Smith by David Smith
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
176 pp., cloth

"A new book of the gospel"—so one enthusiastic sculpture student described the importance of this beautiful volume. It's hard to disagree.

At the very least an indispensable book about the crucial sculptor of the twentieth century. If you could afford just one text on modern sculpture, this should be it. Smith's own words, excerpted from his voluminous notebooks, sketchpads, correspondence, and his own colour and black-and-white photographs of his work, that show how well he understood what he was doing. Editor Gray stays out of the way, except for a loose organization of the material into thematic chapters, and a brief foreword. Layout is suitably handsome, pictures expertly printed.

Page after revelatory page, the photographs do most of the work, brilliantly declaring line, mass, structure, thrust, every aspect of Smith's art. Just flipping through, you can see how he extended Picasso's use of junk and Gonzales' welding of rods, developed the

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notion of open space from both of them, negated the concept of sculpture as closed form around a core, discarded the pedestal, translated surrealist imagery into formal terms emanating from constructivism, and brought constructivist notions of plane and cube in open space to breathtaking actual realization. Studying any one of the plates is an education in what this century is about, and leaves a profound impression of the extent of Smith's achievement.

The text is considerable, but doesn't obtrude. Like most artists, Smith was very much concerned with economics. Despite his insistence on rugged individualism as the role for the artist in this society, there is no question of his fundamental Marxism:

"By choice I identify myself with workingmen and still belong to Local 2054 United Steelworkers of America. I belong by craft—yet my subject of aesthetics introduces a breach. I suppose that it is because I believe in a workingman's society in the future and in that society I hope to find a place. In this society I find little place to identify myself economically."

There are only hints at his personal problems with two marriages that ended in divorce and separation, and much has probably been suppressed by a friendly editor. But the sense of the man comes through—his prodigious energies, his passion for food, nature and factories, his disdain of the art world, his love for his daughters, and occasionally his dialectical compassion. In a poem entitled "The Cloud," written at the height of the Korean war on October 18, 1951, he leaves off musing on shapes in the sky this way:

"The bird head turns to pickerel
the nightshirt rolls and falls
The nude body of begonia
scales trails milky spawn
The moon has moved to
the eye of a snarling tiger
and I wonder how many
of my Chinese friends are killed tonight"

No liberal tears for Korean kids or American boys; but an artist's care to restrict his concern to the forces that mattered most—and a clear understanding, in 1951, that the Chinese enemies of his government were his friends. A sculptor who knew things.

BARRY LORD

Peter Raby, ed.
The Stratford Scene
Clarke-Irwin
256 pp., cloth

Better late than never. Ten years of Stratford glamour, wrapped in glossy black with pink trim, now adorn the nation's equally glossy coffee tables. Don't let this discourage you: the beauty of The Stratford Scene is more than skin deep. Michael Langham strikes a chord in his introduction which resounds throughout the 25 essays by various theatrical, critical, dramaturgical, and academic contributors. Supplementing the essays are many superb photographs which, without exception, catch and reflect in frozen stares the essential spirit of the productions.

Langham's brief and modest summary of his and the festival's years together provides the reader with a fresh insight into a festival which for many has seemed to be an annual event with little continuity or development. He cites its long-term and short-term goals, its successes and failures, with humour, honesty, and critical detachment.

Berners Jackson, author of the second essay in the volume, "Retrospect/The Stratford Festival 1958-68," says of Langham's contribution to the "Stratford Scene":

"Langham's genius for theatre is complemented by a temperamental opposition to ruts, havens, plateaus, and other comfortable places. What he has done, no matter how admirable, is of little importance to him in comparison with what he is doing or planning to do. The chronicle of the Stratford Festival's healthy development between the years of 1958 and 1967—a decade that must be known as the Langham era—is informed by his creative impatience."

All the 'festival' contributors to this fascinating book—including Jean Gascon, John Hirsch, William Hutt, Leo Ciceri, and James Reaney—seem to share Langham's "creative impatience:" a total absorption in the present theatrical project and obliviousness to past glories or failures. Outside contributors, in particular Professors Robertson Davies and Robert O'Driscoll, exhibit the reverse inclination, verging on a refusal to deal with the productions at hand in their own terms (the 1968 productions of A Midsummer Night's Dream and Waiting for Godot respectively). Davies gives a rundown of productions he has seen on stage or page since Pepys' disenchantment with the spectacle in 1662 and deals with the conceptual evolution of the play's fairies: their ecosystem and their dress. One could chalk this up to whimsy or perspective—delightful as it is in its own way—had Mr Davies only consented to giving the production he was supposed to be reviewing the honest glance it deserved.

Although Professor O'Driscoll insists on spreading his shakily defined Keatsian "negative capability" over William Hutt and his production of Godot, he demonstrates a significant lack of it himself—a lack which Hutt more than adequately makes up for in the interview which runs true to the tone of his opening response:

"I think the first decision I made was to make no firm decisions at all."

Peter Raby, editor of The Stratford Scene, has made a similar decision. Letting the various, diverse, and often diametrically opposed viewpoints on similar or different subjects speak for themselves, he has allowed them to unite; to make a telling statement about their authors, the Stratford Festival, and the 'Canadian' scene.

GILLIAN GILLILAND

Mel Heimer
The Long Count
McClelland and Stewart
277 pp., cloth, $8.50

Dictionary of Canadian Biography

VOLUME I 1100–1700
Editors: George W. Brown, Marcel Trudel, André Vachon

VOLUME II 1701–1740
Editors: David M. Hayne, André Vachon

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Volume II, published this fall, continues the story of the struggle for survival of New France. The biographies maintain the same readable style and high level of scholarship evident in Volume I.

Regular edition $15.00

Laurentian edition (limited, deluxe) $50.00

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

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When I was a kid I always liked Gene Autry better than Roy Rogers, Ty Cobb better than Babe Ruth, etc. I rooted against the Yankees, Joe DiMaggio, the U.S. Cavalry, Frank Sinatra, Joe Louis, and Jack Armstrong the All-American Goy. So it was with great enjoyment that I read Mel Heimer's book about how yes indeed by golly Gene Tunney did beat Jack Dempsey, twice, and there's nothing anyone can do about it. It's history, just like the first Sputnik that went up while Americans were watching the World Series.

That's the kind of point Heimer makes over and over in his diary of a year in the heavyweight annals. 1927 was the year the world went crazy, especially if you think of the world as Manhattan. There was fighting in China, violence in the streets of Germany, but Americans and their newspapers were only interested in sports. The four great names in U.S. 1927 were Dempsey, Tunney, Ruth, & Lindbergh. Sacco & Vanzetti were to become famous names later on, in literature.

Heimer gives, with a mixture of dumb N.Y. columnist style and eye for authentic detail, a lively treatment to his subject. He alternates between day-by-day preparations for the big fights and background data concerning the lives of Tunney, Dempsey, Sharkey, Tex Rickard, Doc Kearns, etc. He jams the book full of names from Grantland Rice to the Prince of Wales, and that's always fun to read, especially in a motel in Vermont during a thunderstorm. He also gives quick vignettes of the other things that were happening during the year of excitement, mainly by savaging Allen Churchill's book, *The Year The World Went Mad* (Crowell, 1960).

One sidelight that is interesting, though Heimer doesn't make a point of it: there's a remarkable similarity between the careers of Jack Dempsey and Cassius Clay. They won the crown in similar ways, thumping a man till he threw out a towel rather than a fist. They both have a kind of circus flavour about them, though Dempsey was more willing to make money by entering sideshows. And get this quotation from Heimer, concerning the Manassa Mauler: "The populace had liberally booed him, muttered that he had been a war slacker and prayed that the men he had fought . . . would knock his block off." At age 23 Dempsey even lookt a lot like Clay, although not as big or muscular. When he fought Tunney the first time he had not defended his title for three years. But when Clay gets back into the ring he won't be facing any Gene Tunney. And he would have knockt out Dempsey in eight rounds.

Matter of fact the book would make a good movie, with Clay playing the part of Dempsey (except I'd hate to see him lose). Why not? We had Laurence Olivier as Othello.

GEORGE BOWERING

John Gerassi, Josue de Castro, Louis Horowitz, edd.
Latin American Radicalism
Random House
653 pp., paper, $2.95

Those who pick up this book hoping to find a definitive account of the Latin American revolutionary movement are in for a surprise. Of the three editors, only Gerassi has clearly presented the revolutionary perspective. Horowitz's selection of writers includes some like John J. Johnson, who would be quite at home as a State Department advisor. The economists he selects are concerned not with the need for revolution—which most Latin American radicals take as a starting point—but with the technocratic devices for shoring up and speeding up the capitalist process.

Horowitz manages to include Paul Prebisch, whose 'radical' solutions involve assigning the major role to private enterprise, and yet omits A. Gundar Frank, who has presented a cogent argument that foreign private investment serves to underdevelop Latin America and that any solution short of revolution is no solution. Any argument which ignores the vast capital drain from Latin America to the U.S.A. can hardly claim to be relevant, let alone radical.

Chilean President Eduardo Frei is another contributor. Frei is apparently still unable to understand that the Alliance for Progress is unable both to preserve U.S. interests and solve the problems of the continent. Yet Frei presides over a land reform which will be lucky to settle on their own land 20,000 families out of an original target of 100,000. One can hardly expect the large landowners to commit 'hari kari,' even under the benevolent auspices of Uncle Sam and the Alliance for Progress. Frei's grasp of the radical alternative is as soggy as Edward Schreyer's, and about as useful.

Nevertheless, the book contains useful information and the last section "The Political-Activist Pivot," edited by Gerassi, more than makes up for the woolly-minded confusion of earlier contributors. For Gerassi the picture is clear: U.S. imperialism dates at least from 1823. There can be no compromise with American interests. In the last ten years the continent has become steadily poorer. Gerassi concludes with words which could well be heeded by some of the other writers—fight, or forevermore pass into the enemy camp.

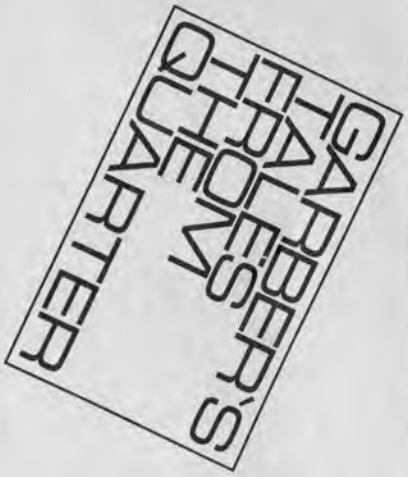
José Yglesias' *In the Fist of the Revolution* is a useful antidote to this volume. It describes graphically the troubles and joys of modern Cuba. Unlike most works of this kind the picture is painted not through the eyes of intellectuals but through those of ordinary working Cubans. What emerges is not an account of luxury or perfection but the description of a people able for the first time to shape their own destiny together and satisfied in doing it. For those who dare to fight, it presents a future worth winning.

MARTIN LONEY

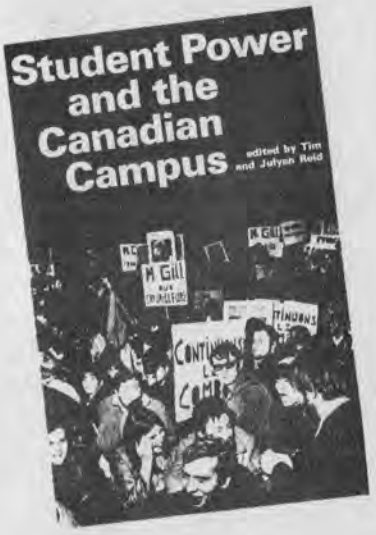
Perle Epstein
The Private Labyrinth of Malcolm Lowry
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
241 pp., cloth, $8.50

The Lowry industry shifts into high gear as time passes. However, not to do Perle Epstein a great wrong (her back-of-dust-jacket portrait is beautiful beautiful), she is undoubtedly pas-

TURNED-ON PAPERBACKS



Ribald, Rabelaisian and raunchy, this rich, gigantic novel is more-or-less about a Canadian's adventures in Paris. Lawrence Garber who wrote it is alleged to teach English at Western. It is difficult to believe that a writer this wild could hold an academic appointment. $4.95



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PETER MARTIN ASSOCIATES
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sionately wildly and even logically interested in demonstrating the Jewish Cabbala's influence on Malcolm Lowry.

Why? To me it's rather like examining your navel for sheep's wool, blond fuzz or dog fur—and psychoanalyzing a corpse. There are books about books about books, and all pictures on cornflake boxes show other pictures of fat shareholders: and times when the silver apples of the moon ought to be fleadusted for astronauts.

All this is wistful disgruntlement on my part, since I have no supernatural visions of a better man on the other side of my shaving mirror, nor any belief in heaven and hell beyond the worms gnawing holes under a steel coffin. Therefore I am intolerant of those who see farther beneath the trembling veil than myself, but still refuse to discard my dark glasses.

I knew Lowry once—very briefly—years ago. The two or three meetings were such odd affairs that I refuse to have anyone else's mysticism superimposed.

It was twilight and we drove over the Second Narrows Bridge into Vancouver to buy whiskey. At the Main & Hastings store, Lowry bought six bottles of Bols gin; then we decided to visit a church two blocks down towards the waterfront which Lowry said had beautiful stained-glass windows. At the time I thought all this was too melodramatic, but Lowry fascinated me in spite of myself and I went along to supply ironic laughter from the wings. Or something like that.

A wedding was going on at the church with beautiful windows, and the night-gowned priest refused to admit us. I did the talking—I thought persuasively—since Lowry looked frowsy in corduroys and was well tanked up. I was cold sober, of course. All my talking was to no avail, no avail whatever. But while I talked another drove of wedding guests came driving to the curb, and the priest moved to greet them, cordially this time.

Our chance had come, we could now safely crack the crib of the Lord. I looked around for Lowry, but he was gone already, having taken advantage of my semantic diversion. Windows glowed red and blue and holy inside the church, for it was twilight. Lowry knelt on the floor praying, brownish-blondish head ducked drunken reverent, praying—with six bottles of Bols gin in a brown grocery bag on the seat behind him.

In 1954 or '55, after Lowry left for England but before he choked to death on his own vomit there, I visited the beach shack near Dollarton again, in company with two friends, one a good-looking girl. We drank Chianti, and poured the last inch or so off the dock into Burrard Inlet as some kind of tribute to Lowry, no doubt also hoping to impress the girl. I imagine the gesture was lost on her, for it was pretty phony, and tug boats hooted derisively.

It was twilight. The oil refinery across the water, with its silver pipes, glowed like a geometric octopus. Shadows wedded shadows, and leaves moved inside them. We didn't stay, for the wine was gone and darkness coming.

Now, years later, my friend is living in an artist's colony along the B.C. coast; the girl is married to a dunce like in Yeats, tho she never knew Dante and balances on an inner hysteria; I drink beer and indulge in romanticism; sober, scholarly books get written about poor bedevilled Lowry (Perle's before swine?). What a queer world this one is, eh?

If I write a non-review, do I still get to keep the book?

AL PURDY

Jack Russell
Nelson and the Hamiltons
Copp Clark
371 pp., cloth, $7.95

Horatio Nelson hated Frenchmen and was the best sailor in the world. Emma was from Liverpool, liked the company of poets, fiddlers, whores and scoundrels; she led Nelson "into strange waters." Sir William, her husband, was very old and not good in bed. He liked Nelson. The *ménage à trois* shocked Europe and distressed Fanny, Nelson's wife—Emma always referred to her, unkindly, as Tom Tit.

The eighteenth century was the great age of tail. Mr Russell's fondly rounded memoir catches it all splendidly: Nelson,blind, one arm, always broke; Emma, forever eating and drinking and never wearing drawers and beating off the Prince of Wales; famine in the land, the King's mind growing dark.

I hope they make a film of it. But not with Omar Sharif.

PATRICK MacFADDEN

Thomas Merton
My Argument with the Gestapo
Doubleday
180 pp., cloth, $5.95

The late Thomas Merton's *My Argument With the Gestapo* is set in London during the Blitz, and in France during the German occupation, but Merton was not in Europe at all during World War II. On the basis of these two facts, one might assume that the book is not *really* concerned with *the* World War II; that the war is a convenient and vivid emblem for something less ephemeral ("I am not trying to be accurate, except symbolically," says the book's main character, a man named Merton); that the book, like any book worth reading, has only its author as its subject matter. Well, right and wrong.

No, it is not Eisenhower's or Montgomery's or Rommel's war that Merton is writing about; it is Merton's. But the two conflicts overlap. *The* war, after all, did exist, and was the *causa operis*, and any man's war contains elements of every man's war—in Merton's war are elements of Hannibal's as well as Hitler's. It is only in Merton's war, certainly, that anonymous detectives discourse on the inevitability of victory by means of offhanded British humour. In Merton's war, he offers up all his false and forged passports as well as his valid one (from a non-extant country) to suspicious military authorities, figuring that one bureaucratic description is as likely

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as another to tell who he *is*. It is in *the* war, perhaps, that the soldiers ponder whether "a country called Casa" has been at some time involved, and, if so, on which side. It is certainly *the* war when Merton enters a subway tunnel during an air raid and prepares himself "for the sad and gallant smiles of the people sitting along the platforms, down below, like souls waiting for the boatman Charon, by the black river of hell." But when a former lover of Merton changes from the stern uniform of an air raid warden into a civilian dress—and begins to cry—which war is that?

Merton calls his novel "A Macaronic Journal." It is without precisely definable form, in both moral and literary terms. The literary fluidity does the book no harm, but it is the absence of moral conclusions that is surprising in the work of a devoted anti-war propagandist and Trappist monk. About *the* war, certainly, there is a judgment—the standard one. But about Merton's war? Germans and Britons are irrelevant to this judgment, and if Merton's decision that he, too, had contributed to the conflict by choosing to be proud seems inconclusive or glib, there are good reasons. First, the right questions are often more important than the right answers. Second, the book closes with Merton announcing that it is the first of many—and how can a book about a living author really 'end.' Third, there is the repeated assertion that Blake's reason was the only reason to write: "so that the words flew about the room for the angels to read."

W.H. EARLE

Nelson Ball
Force Movements
Ganglia
12 pp., paper, $1.00
Water-Pipes & Moonlight
Weed/Flower
16 pp., paper, $1.00

I've often wondered why I like Nelson Ball's sea poems the best. And yet from what I gather, the closest he's ever been to the water I know is the Lakes. Dotted here dotted there in his poetry is this mention of the sea. In the spaces between I've always felt dry. O but the sea, there it comes, as in my eyes, as in yours, and we, at least I, cannot but return to that sonnet of our highschool
if not earlier—but
O Canadians we have not had the education.
What I mean, is:
"Shapes break
from light

The wind
shakes
loose the
illusion . . ."

That from *Water-Pipes & Moonlight*.

This edition of *Force Movements* is a paring of the originals which appeared in an earlier book, *Beaufort's Scale*. But a poem appears on the page across from the last movement in that previous edition which goes like this:
"Love poem

The sun turns in
to the sea.
The sea

is
tonight."

The sea again. This poem is not published with this series, and this may be more my mistake than anybody else's, but I think that it caps *Force Movements* and brings us over to *Water-Pipes & Moonlight;* and the last line of the sonnet I mentioned is: "Silent, upon a peak in Darien."
And I brought up from *Water-Pipes and Moonlight:*
"The wind
shakes

loose the
illusion

of
stillness."

I like this kind of poetry, though it is tough to hold onto Ball's perception because it is so spare and that reticence does not permit a permanent accessibility. Sometimes it's there, sometimes not, but worth the work of the imagination—a possible cure to computers.

BRAD ROBINSON

Milovan Djilas
The Unperfect Society
Longmans Canada
267 pp., cloth, $6.25

Zhdanovite tracts always portrayed the happy worker with the happy tractor. The West has its own form of Zhdanovism, consisting of mindless attacks on the East, written by those once burnt by the totalitarian flame.

Djilas has become a bore. This latest effort, padded out with banal and inadequate discussion of Marxist theory, is a prime example of what the Cold War can reduce honest men to.

PATRICK MacFADDEN

OF COURSE, AS MORRIS SAYS, PROMISCUITY MUST STILL PRESENT CERTAIN ELEMENTS OF RISK BECAUSE OF THE PAIR-BONDING FACTOR...
AND, UNFORTUNATELY, MY THIRD HUSBAND WAS A VICTIM OF MAL-IMPRINTING. HE THOUGHT HE WAS IN LOVE WITH THE GOLDFISH...
I'M A VICTIM OF MY OVER-EXPLORATORY NATURE... AS MOST BRILLIANT PEOPLE ARE...
WITH THE RECENT SETTING UP OF A SUBCULTURE OF YOUTH IT BECAME NECESSARY TO DEVELOP AN ENTIRELY NEW COSTUME TO GO WITH IT...
I WISH I KNEW WHAT THEY WERE ALL TALKING ABOUT... I SIMPLY MUST READ THE HUMAN ZOO BUT I HAVEN'T EVEN FINISHED THE NAKED APE YET
RJONES

THE HUMAN ZOO / Desmond Morris / $6.95 / Clarke Irwin

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five cents' worth of ST. CATHARINES ONTARIO

There were bearded, long-haired, sweatty guerillas sitting all around the dimly-lit room, on the backs of chairs, on benches, on the floor, on their battered rifles, at a coffee table playing chess. Everyone was silent. I bought a ticket and tiptoed out, down the stairs, young aphrodite with a flower decal on her tit, into the blue sun of St Paul St.

St Catharines is a beautiful, beautiful city. I live here because I love to look at the city.

Port Dalhousie. Pordaloosie. Not a backwater but a headwater. Where Doreen lived, thinking all boys everywhere played lacrosse like Gary Moore and Ron Roy and Gary Van Schagen and her brother and me at the Port Dalhousie Lacrosse Bowl. With Lakeside Park and its Emancipation Day picnic, and its one-hundred-year-old converted calliope carousel, hand-carved animals in four tiers, and its pre-flight aeroplane ride, and its cracked concrete pier, dead canal, hot into the dead fish sun, Toronto Dominion Centre on the horizon, sweat dripping down my back, shirt-tails flapping in the breeze and touching my skin like young hands, the cliffs visible to the east where I played briefly as a young lover, and Canal Street with its stepped sidewalk, the last gasp of Lakeport Road, a row of hotels, their nineteenth-century wooden canopies overlooking the pleasure boats in the black water, the St Catherines Rowing Club boathouse, the shortest covered bridge in the world, Martindale Pond, the Henley Regatta, the ghost of Rex Stymers on the roof of the grandstand.

Martindale Road with its orchards and vineyards and wineries and Jesse Hode's barn and Mennonites. Ridley College, red bricks, boys and cricket. Ronnie. West St Catherines where Laura lives in obscurity.

My studio-offices hang over St Paul St, the most beautiful, winding main street strange my coloured eyes have seen. Turrets, towers, brown dormers and green gables. My 13-foot drawbridge painting hangs over St Paul St. The Burgoyne Bridge over Twelve Mile Creek on 80-foot spindly stilts. The labyrinth of vaulted stone passageways under my buildings. The beautiful, firm teenyboppers walking under my window, and Buffy, the blond-haired grey-eyed smiling white speed freak who knocked me out more than any other girl last winter. I love you, Buffy.

Derrick Fields' Niagara Theatre Centre is on the corner of Garden Park and St Paul, above the Valhalla Health Spa. It is one of the most beautiful, intimate theatre spaces I have ever seen. The Toronto Workshop production of "Che" was a life experience in the theatre. Che Guevara was Cedric Smith. But the most remarkable thing is that I walked one block from my home and saw "Che" and "Persona," and "High," and "Hour of the Wolf," and "Don't Look Back," and "The Knack," and "How I Won the War," and The Nihilist Spasm Band, and that Derrick is going to produce "Look Back in Anger," and that he wants me to design the sets, and the Toronto Artists' Jazz Band and Lonnie Johnson are going to come to my St Catharines, to walk on my streets.

The limestone tunnel under my building leading to the low level parking lot, where the old Welland Canal used to be, and where the backs of the buildings stand on steel stilts, and where vandals smashed my windshield and dome light, and put dirt in my gas tank and flattened my tires, and pigeons shit on my car for spite.

Yesterday I was sitting in my armchair by the window watching the girls below, when I spotted a beautiful girl in a green dress in a third-floor dormer across the street above the Home Dairy bakeshop, looking at me. I waved. She waved. Smile. Smile. Kiss. Up yours. I was signalling my phone number when Doreen arrived to take me poet-hunting.

I met Dennie Tourbin, a strong young poet, on St Paul St. He loves Port Dalhousie, but is going to Montreal, where the action is. I hope he sends me cards so that I can get some idea of what real action is.

St Paul Crescent winding under the Burgoyne Bridge, over the Twelve Mile Creek. Jim and Donna Meadows, sculptor and print-maker, in the rotting red brick house at the top of the hill, leaning over Lincoln Foundry, and in the shadow of the crumbling concrete pillars over the old canal, just moved into town from San Francisco, New York and Toronto. Why the hell did they come here, everyone grumbles on his way to Hollywood, can't be up to much.

The Lower Bridge. Taylor and Bates' deserted brewery. The slate plant. The Sea Cadets' hall, where little boys learn to smoke, swear and kill.

Rodman Hall Arts Centre, the mansion at the top of the hill, where Grant Hollenback, the Niagara Falls engineer, Bill Baker, the assistant governor of the Lincoln County Gaol, and I, the St Catharines painter, had a three-man show that showed me I am not alone in the peninsula. Where

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND BUILDING AT LAKESIDE PARK

THE BACK OF ST. PAUL STREET

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ST. PAUL STREET

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Peter Harris hangs a strong season of shows, and does his drawings and collages of sad romance, and Campbell Scott does his technically perfect prints with dovetails.

Port Weller School. The Jacknife Bridge over the Welland Canal at Lock One to the towering crane Port Weller Dry Docks and Jones' Beach. My former pupils come to see me now — beautiful women.

Meandering narrow McNab Road. The Garden City Skyway snaking, beautiful, over the Homer Bridge. The Twin Locks. The Thorold News. The row of empty old canal locks behind McKinnon's Plant Two. The Niagara Escarpment blue on the horizon from my back balcony, with the Bruce Trail, Brock University and Ball's Falls.

And somewhere to the south of St Catharines is Welland, a small invisible town, where Bill Cyopik organized a show at the Niagara College of Applied Arts and Technology: Anton Akkerman (Niagara Falls — magic realist — nice guy — nice paintings of his kids and barns — sold out), William Baker (St Catharines — gaoler — terrific guy with monumental collection of early jazz recordings — interesting non-objective paintings of gaol cells — no sales), John Boyle (St Catharines — one sale), William Cyopik (Welland — large, muted, hard figures in hard landscapes — hair combed like Napoleon's — one sale), Egidio Fantinel (Niagara Falls — really straight, genuine, nutty guy — totally inept, absolutely honest, important paintings of his real life — no sales), Peter Harris (St Catharines — curator of Rodman Hall — beautiful nineteenth-century drawings of crotchy nudes — not for sale), Grant Hollenback (Niagara Falls — funny, informed, lonely engineer — obscure formalist figures — difficult to read, but painfully personal — no sales), Campbell Scott (St Catharines carpenter — formal print-maker — perfect, crafty — two sales).

And there's old Hilda White in Niagara Falls, a tiny laughing, incredible woman with a lot of good watercolours. And Louis Berai in St Catharines, designing dresses in the day and doing beautiful tapestries in the night.

St Catharines is my mysterious, winding love city. I only become conscious of the crass, ugly, jagged Art business world when I go to London or Toronto. St Catharines is my canal, ship, skyway, liftbridge, escarpment, hockey, lacrosse, odd, brown, grey, magenta, puce, mauve, burgundy, beige, green and golden, virginal, magic, aluminum steeple, historic, blue, iniquitous, European, white, love city with lots and lots of young beautiful girls.

JOHN BOYLE

John Boyle is a young Canadian painter who lives in St Catharines. He also plays in the Nihilist Spasm Band.

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THE CENTRE-SPREAD

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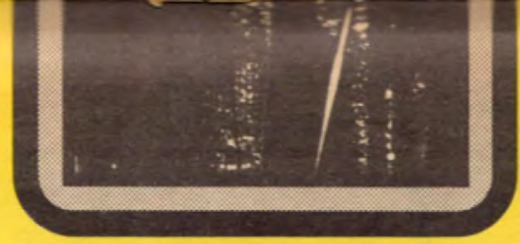

Photographer Tiit Kao of Puslinch Lake, Ont. (who did the fish-eye views of Stratford in our June issue) went to the festivals this summer, Toronto Pop and Mariposa Folk. Here's a souvenir spread of his pictures, to store away with your ticket stub and shades. It also makes a good place-mat.

five cents' worth of RECORDS

Terence
An Eye For An Ear
Terence (vocals), various musicians including most of the old Mandala, written by Richard Gael and Patrick Riccio II who arranged it With Robert J. Halley and produced it with Bill Gilliland
Decca DL 75137

In somebody's past, Terence was Terry Black, the all-Canadian from Vancouver with assorted teeny-pop hits. Now he's a part of Gael and Riccio's present to blue-bloods and chocolate bars, for this is really their album. None of the musicians are credited—lyrics fill the back and U of T's University College is aflame behind the stolid guerilla figure on the front—so there are plenty of things to amuse you corn huskers while delving into the secret mysteries of the sound.

For whatever reasons, the music is derived from Procol Harum, Blood Sweat & Tears and other common ingredients of low (red mass) art. Terence, himself, crosses David Clayton Thomas with Tom Jones and comes up with a svelte Engelbert Humperdinck.

The lyrics, the album's best bet, delve into contemporary life with unsubtle grace, but grace nonetheless, ascribing no more nor less than—Krishnamurti would have written another book—total mind power, when the world will be one with Kreskin.

There are some nice changes along the way, the bridge between the last two cuts, for example, the first an electronic barefaced lie, the second, poesy of the galactic primula. Black is good on soft ballads like "Priscilla" —hear the pretentions realized—but lacks strength on the heavier material like "Power" (an anti-SDS song for all visionaries everywhere).

An Eye For An Ear pierces the popcult yoke—splotch—hypodermic vitamin B-12 ingestion—and in so piercing becomes as timeless as tomorrow's smog control—enjoyable in isolation, derivative in conjunction, interesting in between. The album that goes beyond the blue vibrations—have fibril, there is nothing left of the sea—that is the one whose touch every eye will hear.

PAUL ENNIS

Terry Riley
In C
Terry Riley (leader and saxophone), with members of the Center of the Creative and Performing Arts in the State University of New York at Buffalo; David Behrman, producer
Columbia MS 7178

"*In C* was composed in San Francisco in 1964. The score, which does no more than provide a sort of launching pad, is reproduced on the facing page. It can be played by any ensemble, amateur or otherwise, but the best performances will be made by musicians gifted with a special ability to improvise and to listen to one another. Not included in the score is a piano part, called the Pulse, which consists entirely of even octave eighth notes to be drummed steadily on the top two C's of the keyboard throughout the duration of a performance. Each member of the ensemble plays the 53 figures of the score in sync with the Pulse and moves consecutively from Figure 1 to Figure 53. When he moves from figure to figure, where he places his downbeats, and how often and how long he rests is up to him. A performance ends after all the players have arrived at Figure 53. The quality of the music depends upon spontaneous interaction within the ensemble. A good performance reveals a teeming world of groups and subgroups forming, dissolving, and reforming within a modal panorama which shifts, over a period of about 45 to 90 minutes, from C to E to C to G."

That is from the album notes. The musical notes must be purchased and played. A post-literate pre-Baroque masterpiece. A landmark in the music of the 1960s and beyond. No lover of chamber music dare be without it.

LIONEL POOLLE

Original Motion Picture Score
Midnight Cowboy
John Barry (musical supervision); "Everybody's Talkin'" sung by Nilsson; songs by the Groop and Elephant's Memory; Toots Thielsman (harmonica)
United Artists UAS 5198

Midnight Cowboy consists of the lyrics of Fred Neil (not Neal as on the album) set to film. Never before has such a simple and beautiful song done so much for a movie, and never before has a movie given such a song the audience it deserves. The same cannot be said about the record album.

"Original Motion Picture Score"? Not quite. A package of songs, used to varying degrees in the movie, plus some tracks of music composed for the film. Its main purpose is to sell records by capitalizing on "Everybody's Talkin'," transferred directly from a Nilsson album (RCA).

The only redeeming feature is the track "Midnight Cowboy," which owes as much of its deep poignant sensitive movement to the chromatic harmonica playing of Toots Thielmans as it does to its composer John Barry. (There are traces of this theme in "Old Man Willow," composed and sung by Elephant's Memory in the film.)

The songs by The Groop and Elephant's Memory on this album are just songs, whether one has seen the movie or not. They are completely out of context and have no distinguishing marks to place them in the movie. To a lesser extent this is also true of "Everybody's Talkin'."

How good it would have been to hear the musical voices of Hoffman and Voight, and their memorable lines, weave in and out of the soundtrack. "They got some rich women in New York, and they'll pay for it," between the second and third verse of "Everybody's Talkin'," where it occurs in the film, would have made it a sound-track song. "Joe Buck Rides Again" becomes merely another John Barry reworking of "Moon River" and "Old Man River" without the static from the radio and "Up *your* income, Lady! " "Fun City" by J.B. is merely another stock shot movie tune without "I'm walkin' here, Goddammit! I'm walkin' here." And what about "I'm invitin' yuh, if you ain't located"? What ever happened to the "Orange Juice is Nice" jingle, one of the cleverest bits of music in a film ever, and very important to the mood. And Voight's line to the old man in the hotel, "I need money, I got family, dammit! ", coming between "Tears and Joy" (The Groop) and "Science Fiction" (J.B.) would have brought out the visual power of that scene on record. Without the dialogue, these cuts are meaningless.

Barry could probably have been more selective with the songs he chose (or did Schlesinger or Salt choose them? No matter.) There are several Fred Neil tunes which would have worked better than those of The Groop

ARCHIVE

and EM—part of "The Other Side of this Life" in the movie theatre scene, or Neil's more soulful version of "Everybody's Talkin'" at the end of the movie (although Nilssons' arrangement at the beginning and the way it was used were perfect, as most of the music in the film does work fairly well.)

The album is disappointing. And objectionable. And unfortunately, not unique in its failure to communicate. Probably about 90 per cent of film score albums suffer similarly. But *Midnight Cowboy* is a special movie and uses music in a special way. And therefore should have had special attention.

Oh United Artists, you have not done much that is beautiful.

MATT SEGAL

Chicago Transit Authority
Chicago
Daniel Seraphine (drums), Walter Parazaider (woodwinds, background vocals), James Pankow (trombone, brass arrangements), Lee Loughnane (trumpet, background vocals), Peter Cetera (bass, lead vocals), Terry Kath (guitar, lead vocals); James William Guercio, producer
Columbia GP 8

One of the best new groups of recent time, hard rock-brass-blues with two fairly incredible instrumental cuts on this double album. The first is "Free Form Guitar," in which Terry Kath singlemindedly simulates the sound-feeling of Chicago—the city writhes and retches, the most graphic image of Chicago since Chicago.

Which takes us to Side 4, recorded in part during TV week August 1968, to conclude with Pankow's "Liberation"—very fast together urbana live electricity, tender on the earphones with guitar piled on guitar and brass electronic effects that put West Germany to task.

The vocals are not the album's strength (which is good, considering the abundance of instrumental material)—a small price to pay for an impressive debut.

PAUL ENNIS

Chris Gantry
Introspection
Fred Foster, producer
Monument SLP 18100

Mickey Newbury
Harlequin Melodies
Felton Jarvis, producer
RCA Victor LSP-4043

Tony Joe White
Black and White
Tony Joe White (vocals, harmonica, guitar), David Briggs (piano and organ), Jerry Carrigan (drums), Norbert Putnam (bass), Chip Young (guitar on some cuts), Jimmy Isbell (drums on some cuts); Billy Swan, producer
Monument SLP 18114

The first two of these are quite old now—*Introspection* is at least a year old—but they're worth looking at to see what Nashville has been producing with its young stars.

Gantry writes very interesting songs, strongly folk-flavoured, sad regrets of love chances missed, personal statements of doubts and inadequacies; a few mellow and very melodic country-folk songs. This is the new wave in country, much influenced by Dylan and the folk singers, much more subtle than the country field's elders. Buck Owens may be playing beautiful instrumental music, but his choice of material is often much too unsophisticated. Gantry is in danger of becoming too sophisticated. He's out to write poetry, and occasionally sounds pretentious. But his best songs are good indeed.

Mickey Newbury tends to try too hard at his poetry at times too, but he can make arty lyrics sound natural. He has a flair for drama that absorbs you. His songs of ended love affairs ring true. "Sweet Memories" and "Funny, Familiar, Forgotten Feelings" are two of the most absorbing songs I've heard in a long time. And that kind of sentimentality is hard to bring off properly in such a jaded age. These songs provide the same kind of emotional release as, say, the blues. And also, like really good blues, they are so strong that they never arouse pity or despair, even when Newbury seems to be wallowing in regret and self-doubt, or fear of the future.

His songs are strongly based in what country singers used to call 'heart' or 'the hurtin' song.' But they are much more subtle than any songs you might remember under those labels. He sings with a beautifully wide-

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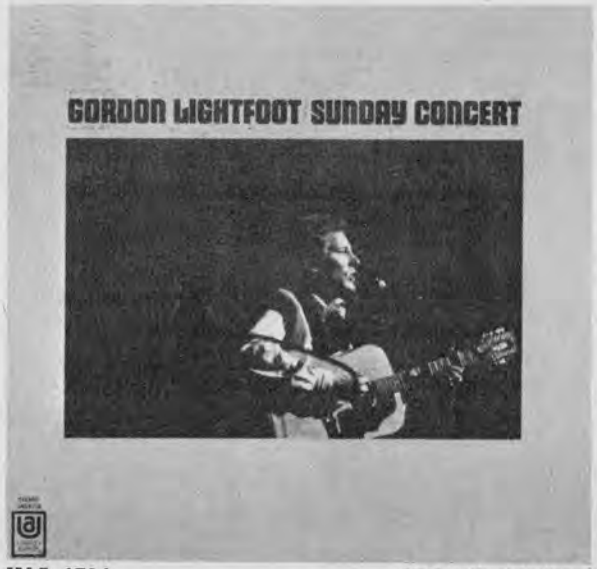

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ranged voice and yet sounds young and fresh.

Both these albums aren't arranged at all like country albums. You won't hear a steel guitar anywhere. Violins are the most prominent instrument. The Newbury album, especially, makes very imaginative use of strings, harpsichords, guitars, electric bass and drums. Once you get past the initial reaction to the sweet pop sound on the first song—"Sweet Melodies" sounds like that drippy pop stuff you used to dance slow to back in the fifties—and get into the lyrics, you'll see there's much to Newbury.

Tony Joe White sings country blues. Where did I read that he has a 'swampy' sound, because that's a perfect description. His voice tastes of the hot Louisiana south; it's thick and overflowing with Negro intonations. Remember Polk Salad Annie on the hit parade? White's other material is quite similar. He's a strong guitar player and has a unique voice. There are some little idiosyncracies in his style that you'll have to get used to before you can appreciate him, though.

His songs aren't uniformly good in content, but White has a knack of writing appropriately rhythmic words for his tunes. His songs are easy on the tongue; they're comfortable. That's on the first side. Side Two has his versions of some now-standards like "Wichita Lineman," "Little Green Apples" and "Look of Love." He sings his own songs better.

VOLKMAR RICHTER

Alice O'Gormon
Space Gyro I
Electronic settings of found sounds realized by O'Gormon
Smoke DMSO 163

This first of a projected series of variable Canadian lag briefly hesitates directionally—a development which is understandable but hardly conducive to mass appeal—before attacking prevailing opinion vis-a-vis women's rights, rapid transit, power-hungry over-populations and films in general. "A large order for any football fan," the composer used to remark as the Mentholatum Deep Heat Rub was applied bi-hourly, a ritual considered *de rigueur* before she would mount the goalposts, tape-recorders in hand to procure raw sound for future projects.

Indeed, O'Gormon's uses of crowd data puts the Beatles to shame—none of the 'hold that line' predictability—rather a sweet inspiration of implacable tension convulsed into divine images of all that is Canadian, from the Northern Lights to the twelve-mile limit. With William Burroughs' appendix to *The Ticket that Exploded* as point of departure, the composer has recorded the entire 1968 CFL regular season schedule and Grey Cup Game (the playoffs were discarded with great soul-searching when O'Gormon was threatened with a suit from a prominent men's clothier), intending to unmask the invisible generation of seething rest. Her success can only be measured in grandiose terms—pre-eminently superb, immeasurably infinite, supremely marvellous, and so forth. Humanity's gnarled intestines are laid bare, to be cured by the heat of the winter sun. This is a record to be played wherever pedestrians have the right of way. (It is dedicated, incidentally, to Bernard McEvoy, author of *Away from Newspaperdom and Other Poems, etc.*)

PAUL ENNIS

Nucleus
Nucleus
Greg (Francis) Fitzpatrick (bass, piano, vocals); Danny (Vince) Taylor (drums); Bob (Tonto) Horne (organ); Hughie (C.H.) Leggat (bass, vocals); John (Screamin' Jr) Richardson (lead guitar)
Mainstream S6120

1967 saw the birth of so-called 'progressive' rock, and 1968 the 'super-session.' Following these ideas, any new rock group felt it had to present socially relevant lyrics, as well as extended instrumental work. Nucleus is no exception on this album.

The group comes complete with the expected 'acid-rock' image: a screaming, wailing lead singer, guitar echoes and feedback, and the obligatory endless organ solos. The problem is, though, that Nucleus is only distinguishable from other groups by its choice of emulations. At times it sounds like the Doors, at other times the Jimi Hendrix Experience, still other times Country Joe and the Fish. Interestingly enough, the Music Machine (remember "Talk,Talk"?) seems to be another of the influences.

The album's songs have a strong beat (faint praise), and Leggat's bass playing is commendable; but the entire package is as sophomoric as the band's nicknames. Neither the lyrics nor the sound are good enough for the length they are prolonged to. The disc

---

For several years now, the Nihilist Spasm Band has been the chaotic anti-music sound of the intensely active London, Ontario scene. Non-musicians all, they play their home-made instruments every Monday night at the York Hotel in London; in cacaphonous concert on tour, their random discord often succeeds in driving their audiences away. Their LP, released last year, did not make the top 40.

But this month the External Affairs Department (remodelled Trudeau version) is sending the Nihilists to represent Canada at an international culturefest in Paris, and to play at the Institute of Contemporary Art in the other London (U.K.) Does this mean the Spasm Band is now official culture? Have the Nihilists been co-opted?

Five cent asked the hooters and thumpers themselves. Here drummer Greg Curnoe, the well-known painter, kazoonik John Boyle, also an artist now living in St Catharines, vocalist William Exley, who teaches high school English, and bassist Hugh McIntyre, who doubles as librarian at the London Public, reply.

Apparently what *the five cent review* really wants to know is whether we feel that the government of Canada is attempting to co-opt the Nihilist Spasm Band by giving us a trip to Europe. This question reveals very little knowledge about the Band.

The Band has no ideology. It exists to play

☐ ..... as in 'children play'
☐ ..... as in 'musicians play'
(Choose one, stating point of view)

The members have various ideas about various things, generally contradictory. The Band members also disagree among themselves.

When the Band plays, there are no rules. To get all the members and all the instruments in one place at one time is an incredible feat of organizational genius. To ask for further organization, like playing by set rules, is to ask for a

☐ .....miracle
☐ .....impossibility
(Choose one)

No-one, especially us, knows what is going to happen when we start playing. But is it music?

☐ ..... of course
☐ .....certainly not
☐ .....don't know
☐ ..... of a sort
☐ .....it doesn't matter
(Choose any two)

If the government wants to co-opt us, it is welcome to try. *Bonne chance!*

But if the government *really* wants to co-opt us, it is only half-trying. Sell our souls for a crummy two-week trip to Europe! ? Suggestion to Dept of

☐ ..... Co-option:
☐ .....Co-optation:
(Choose one)

APPOINT THE WHOLE BAND TO THE SENATE! Personally, I'm also available for G-G.

(*Aside:* The Nihilist Pary of Canada welcomes infiltrators. Special undercover agent membership rates available on application. Box O, Station N, London, Ont.)

Seriously, though, *five cent's* question has forced me to think deeply about the whole situation. Slowly, and reluctantly, I have been forced to the conclusion that the Nihilist Spasm Band has co-opted the Government of Canada. But we didn't mean to. Honest.

No-one can predict what effect this trip to Europe will have on the Band, but after we return come to the York Hotel in London, Ont. and find out for yourself. (Every Monday night. 9:30 to 11:30, free of charge.)

HUGH McINTYRE

AROMTL

doesn't make it. Or as I'm wont to admonish my friends—when you're stoned anything sounds good. KEN WAXMAN

The Moody Blues
On the Threshold of a Dream
Deram DES 18025

A promotion job, without much content. Very reminiscent of *Magical Mystery Tour*, only a little too late, a little too neat and too, too superficial. Modesty and thought is what these boys lack. The producer, Tony Clarke, suffers from a mild case of bad taste, not to mention exploitation. The result is a bad imitation of Peter and Gordon, styled for Muzak.
FRANK SERIO

Mozart
Symphony No. 40 in G minor, K. 550; Serenade No. 6 in D major, K 239, 'Serenata Notturna'
Benjamin Britten conducting the English Chamber Orchestra
London CS 6598

Mozart
Serenade in G, K. 525, 'Eine Kleine Nachtmusik;' Serenade No. 9 in D major, K. 320, 'Posthorn'
George Szell conducting members of the Cleveland Orchestra; Andrew Kazdin, producer
Columbia MS 7273

Mozart is alive; Bach is afoot—who's to compare with Britain now that Europe's gone? Britten's conducting reputation had preceded him before this recording (from *The Maltings, Snape*); he appeared to throw *nonpareil* confetti over all others.

The music jumps from the turntable with a precision and passion to curl the most classically oriented ears of all. But Britten's romanticism is well-taken and always well done—a rare piece of living theatre—from the museum into the total soundmobile.

In short, this album is a necessity. Talk it up at cocktail parties. Play it in the privacy of your secret life.

The Szell performance, on the other hand, is superb museum music, with a suitably pretentious reading of the D-major Serenade to boot.

LIONEL POOLLE

McKenna Mendelson Mainline
Stink
Mike McKenna (guitar), Joe Mendelson (vocals, acoustic guitar, piano, harmonica), Tony Nolasco (percussion), Mike Harrison (bass)
Liberty LBS 83251

Cathy Young
A Spoonful of Cathy Young
Cathy Young (vocal), Eric Weissberg (banjo, guitar, arrangements), Patrick Rebillot (piano, organ), Don Payne (bass), Buddy Saltzman (drums), Ronnie Zito (drums),Michael Joseph Abene (piano, organ); Bob Shad, recording supervisor
Mainstream S/6121

I can't really get involved in either of these records, even though, as Canadian performers, I gave them an extra chance.

The Mainline play harsh and heavy blues, with a scattering of ragtime and jugband music—exactly the kind of material Joe Mendelson used to sing around University College. It's "honest music" as the liner says—honest in that it doesn't try to be arty—but it has pretentions in another direction. It is supposed to be blues, but somehow misses the personal statement. Joe has picked up a style of music and does his damndest to duplicate every affectation it has. But, you know, I just can't believe it when a white Torontonian sings "All the women they call me, they call me lone cat Joe, yes they do." He has picked up too much of the manner and too little of the spirit of the blues.

There's no subtlety in the lyrics as he sings about basic things like bad and good women, sex and disease, bathtub women. "If I were a bumblebee, I'd sting you till you're black and blue," sounds contrived, but unfortunately it's typical of the material on this record.

There's not a hell of a lot of subtlety in the instrumental work either, which is a shame because the band is quite competent in a variety of styles and tempos. It's far too repetitive. McKenna plays some quite common riffs and breaks, and that's a shame too, because he shows in the sinewy guitar intro to "Bad Women" (why is that song 12:20 long?) that he can play with a powerful sense of dramatics if he tries.

With Cathy Young there's a slightly different problem. Again I can't get involved, but not because she doesn't have a personal

It is difficult to predict what changes the trip to Paris will cause among the various *people* in the Band. Certainly such a trip will make little impact on the *Band* itself, for its influences are found around London, not in Paris. As for *me*, I imagine that I have been changed already by my experiences. I do not need Paris for that purpose.
WILLIAM A. EXLEY

Thoughts about Paris (France)
I've never wanted to travel, and I'm still not terribly interested. I know that I can see the world up and down my block in beautiful St Catharines.

Lately I've been thinking about pulling out of the Spasm Band because it isn't fun any more. Everyone imagines himself some kind of musician or something. Murray gets up-tight when I play kazoo because he's paranoid. Hugh gets up-tight when I play drums because I'm a kazoo player. Greg gets up-tight when I step out of character because he might lose control. Bill Exley, though, is nearly perfect. Is there an Art in the Band?

In short, I don't give a shit about going to Paris. I have no special love for Canada, and would rather see it abolished as a nation than represent it proudly in an international festival. I would never under any circumstances fight, or voluntarily give my life for Canada or any other nation, all of which I regard equally with contempt and suspicion.

It certainly does surprise me that the Nihilist Spasm Band has been chosen to represent the Queen abroad. Although it may appear to the R.C.M.P. as a joke, it is certainly not a joke to me. My goal is the destruction of the R.C.M.P., the National Gallery, the Government of Canada. My heroes are Paul Joseph Chartier, John Diefenbaker and Jehovah's Witnesses.

If there is an opportunity to embarrass Canada in Paris, I will take advantage of it.

I want to see every man recognize enough confidence in his humanity to build his own spasm band in his basement, to be his own government, to trust other humans.

I now issue a challenge to the other members of the Band. If a majority (*i.e.* four out of six) vote against my going to Europe with the band, I swear I'll stay in sweet St Catharines and piss on the Nihilist Spasm Band.

JOHN BOYLE

we will be nervous and get on each others nerves until the first concert is started.I will feel a profound sense of relief once we actually start playing.Of course any political or sexual etc. action will be done on an individual basis since there is no common belief in the band aside from our belief in the existence of it (the band).I will be very interested to watch the effect of genuine Souesto culture on foreign audiences.The effect of the Spasm band on audiences from other areas of Ont. is always very revealing.I expect that we will have a greater effect on Paris and London than they will have on us."Theory is like mist on glasses,obscures facts",Charlie Chan.The Nihilist Spasm Band has always been possible.The exposure the band has been getting has only recently been possible,in Canada.The effect this exposure will have on us and you is going to be interesting to watch.If you believe that what you do is valid,then it should be valid anywhere.The only exception I make for myself,is that I cannot see myself playing,exhibiting or visiting in the States.Will I feel the same way after experiencing Europe? Will I actually find myself defending North America? At last Canada is starting to export,under a cultural label,indigenous or rooted things(like The Spasm Band - including its social effect on its members). Greg Curnoe,Aug.12,13,14,15,16,17,and 18/69.

P.S.How valid or indigenous is the Nihilist Spasm Band to the people at the Oneida Settlement or to the people who live around Batoche?

GREG CURNOE

style—she does, a happy and lighthearted flower-child ingenuousness. Her songs don't really "arouse all and any emotions you may have," as the liner promised. Her songs aren't deep and perceptive enough yet. But I chalk that down to youth. She's got a lot of growing to do yet.

But, you know, even that may be wrong on my part, because the technical facts of life on this record, combined with her high and sometimes shrill voice, make it impossible to understand all the lyrics. As far as I can tell, she writes simple and very pretty songs—wait till she gets a lot more experience under her belt and she might just do something good. Of the 11 songs on the LP, she does one not her own, a 6:15 verson of "Spoonful," worth hearing chiefly for the rhythm of the presentation and the intensity with which Cathy throws herself into the song.

VOLKMAR RICHTER

Larry Coryell
Lady Coryell
Larry Coryell (guitars, bass, vocals); Bobby Moses (drums); Elvin Jones (drums on "Treats Style" and "Stiff Neck"); Jimmy Garrison (bass on "Treats Style"); Dan Weiss and Larry Coryell (producers)
Vanguard VSD 6509

Larry Coryell is neither a rock guitarist nor a jazz guitarist. He is a creative pop musician. His strongest influences are jazz, Charlie Christian, Wes Montgomery, Grant Green, but his spectrum of influences range from Chuck Berry to Ravi Shankar, from Django Reinhardt to Paul McCartney to the 'Nashville cats.'

Pop music is changing so swiftly and exploring so many new possibilities of instrumentation, of song form, of lyric content that those who insist on categorizing or labelling—except for using superlatives such as good, bad, ugly—are missing a great deal. I say this because *Lady Coryell* is an album that might be passed over, by jazz enthusiasts because Coryell is not a 'purist,' and by rock fans because it's not 'heavy enough' or because its 'blues influences' are weak. This is bull shit. *Lady Coryell* is a good record of creative pop music.

On all the bands except two (those on which Elvin Jones and Jimmy Garrison appear), Coryell has cut a rhythm track of bass and rhythm guitar with drummer Bobby Moses, and overdubbed his own lead guitar. Except for a track called "Two Minute Classical," a light and impressionistic jazz instrumental, side one is predominantly vocal and rock, with jazz stylings running in and out of every band, including a country and western flavour on "Love Child is Coming Home."

Side two is a reversal. Instrumental, mostly jazz, with rock influences weaving in and out. This is most noticeable on "Cleo's Mood," a Junior Walker tune.

Lady Coryell is not a slick commercial package like the *Blood, Sweat and Tears*, but has a synthesis all its own. It is a record of pop guitar stylings, a must in a library of pop music.

MATT SEGAL

THE FLOCK
Their name is The Flock.
Run with them.
The Flock is unique. A pace-setting new group.
John Mayall (a musician's musican) called them the best band he'd heard in America. See The Flock live if you can.
Listen to their album, certainly. Then run with The Flock.
And watch them spread.
On Columbia

Sir Douglas Quintet
Mendocino
Produced by Amigos de Musica; Doug Sahm, vocals and composer
Smash SRS 67115

This is not for very particular rock fans. You have to be loose to enjoy it. As loose as Sir Douglas himself. He hasn't been as ambitious as many of the rock groups coming on the scene, and therefore has avoided the pretentiousness so many are guilty of. He isn't experimenting here, he just does his own version of what's been around for a long time—a heavily country and lightly blues-flavoured rock, with a clean, flowing organ carrying the melody, a piano and guitar contributing in the breaks, and bass and drums pacing the whole effort.

There are problems: Sir Douglas has a problem with his words. They fit nicely on top of the melodies and the rhythm, but they're not poetic, and in some cases, as in the title song, they're quite bad. He's no deep thinker: he's a mover, a strong man who is able to communicate a bit of adventure. He also has a producer who does sloppy fades, sloppy mixing, and recording that hides the vocal behind layers of haze. The instruments, on the other hand, come out crisp and clear.

But this isn't mind music anyway. This is nostalgia, not for the style of rock we used to hear, but for the vitality.

VOLKMAR RICHTER

ARCMTL

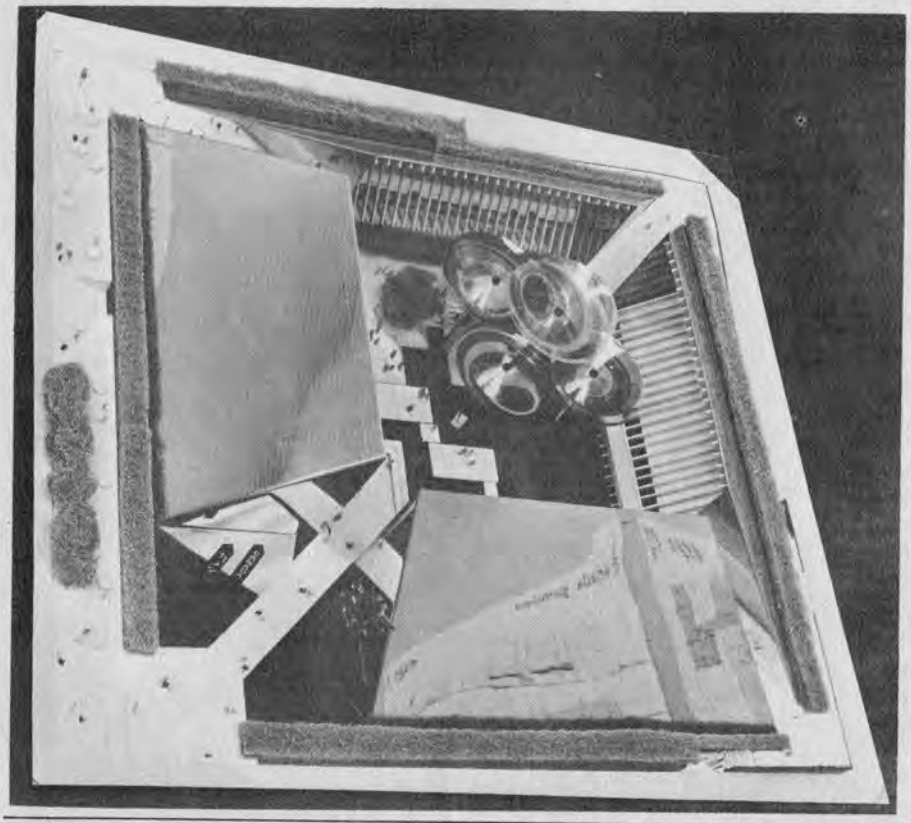
five cents' worth of ART

In the forerunner issue of this magazine (December, 1968) I observed that the lessons of Expo had not been learned in the organization of national survey exhibitions and the like- we were still inviting foreign 'experts' to approve us rather than measuring the world's best by our best. Looking over a busy international-export scene this month, it's heartening to report that we do seem to be presenting Canadian art abroad with that confident post-Expo spirit.

External Affairs is not only sponsoring the Nihilist Spasm Band in Paris and London, it is also sending to a theatre festival in Venice two blatantly anti-American plays, *Che* (not the lousy movie) and *Mister Bones*, as brilliantly produced by our best English-language company, the Toronto Workshop Players. (External is taking a little less disinterested role in attempting to stage-manage politics out of an International Critics' Conference scheduled for Canada in 1970; more on that later.) In Washington our consular staff is now enriched by a cultural attaché, whose job is to push Canadian talent in the States.

Meanwhile Armand Vaillancourt is at work in San Francisco, completing a $112,000 fountain sculpture commision for a waterfront plaza. The Montreal sculptor, who had such an unhappy time with Toronto City Hall over his intended High Park piece two years ago, won the commission over stiff competition, including the highly-rated American Reuben Nakian.

In Osaka we're building a large and promising pavilion designed by Arthur (S.F.U.) Erickson as a truncated pyramid with reflective sloping sides and dramatic corner entrances. Although there's no art exhibition as such, Erickson has worked closely with artists to integrate their work into his structure, and will include a triangular floor sculpture by Roy Kiyooka, a wall by insidious pop ceramist Glenn Lewis, a tapestry by three-dimensional Halifax weaver Charlotte Lindgren, another by Micheline Beauchemin (who did the National Arts Centre opera curtain), and a kaleidoscopic centre-piece of rotating inverted parasols, 42 feet in diameter and 60 feet up on mirror columns, in the bright hues of Vancouver artist Gordon Smith. An auspicious setting for well-chosen talent.



One person who can take much of the credit for our improved image overseas is Jean Sutherland Boggs, Director of the National Gallery. When she took over, the gallery's reputation was still suffering from its 1962 showing of the Chrysler collection of fakes, and from incidents like its refusal to advise customs officials that Andy Warhol's Brillo boxes should be treated as sculpture. This season, following last year's great Jacob Jordaens retrospective, the situation is impressively different.

The most salutary fact is the exhibition of the best of the gallery's European drawings collection in three outstanding centres, at Colnaghi's galleries in London last summer, at the Uffizi in Florence this month (to October 26), and in Paris at the Louvre from November 15 to January 6. That this group of 80 drawings should be shown in such august centres where so many good drawings already are, is a tribute to the sagacity of former curator Kathleen Fenwick, who since 1928 had the great wisdom to hire and heed the best possible advice, and spent her limited funds very wisely indeed.

Three much younger curators—Bryden Smith, Dennis Reid and Pierre Théberge—all hired and given creative freedom by Dr Boggs, were responsible for the selection, organization and catalogue presentation of our finest group showing yet at the *Sao Paulo Biennal*, whose tenth edition will be showing this month and through to mid-January, barring student-riot shutdown. Ironically, the international sweepstakes in fascist Brazil, second in importance only to the Venice *Biennale*, has been boycotted this year by American artists, who have refused to represent the U.S. government there. Our three artists, Vancouver's Iain Baxter of the N.E. Thing Co., Greg Curnoe of London, Ont., and sculptor Robert Murray who lives in New York, have had to decide whether to take parallel action or not; Curnoe at least resolved the problem by observing that withdrawal would be an admission that his work had nothing to say to the political situation—whereas he feels strongly that his lettered paintings with their literal and pictorial messages are directly relevant.

Anyway, whether they should be there at all or not, our three representatives are well chosen, and, to judge from the catalogues, very well handled. Murray is certainly our leading established sculptor, and was overdue both for Sao Paulo showing and for the impeccable retrospective catalogue given him. The other two are equally appropriate treatments—Curnoe's being an 80-page biographical book, Baxter's a calendar with tear-off pages and photographs of Things he's Aesthetically Claimed (ACTS) and just as Aesthetically Rejected (ART). The trio do cover the

territory of contemporary Canadian art, from international high-art (Murray) through aggressive regionalism (Curnoe) to anti-art (Baxter), without any irrelevant concessions to biculturalism.

The gallery is jointly sponsoring the Spasm Band's appearance at the *Biennale des Jeunes*, in Paris, and has organized a show called *Tendances Actuelles*, for that under-35 biennial. Again, the emphasis is on documenting the present directions of our younger avant-garde, including the anarchist Spasms and Les Levine's aesthetic of quantity. One might hope that if our artists were yet more revolutionary, they would still be presented with the same faithfulness.

Effects of the new international prestige are felt here at home, in Ottawa and across the nation. On October 19 the lights go out on fluorescent-tube artist Dan Flavin's big retrospective, an exhibition that would have been impossible for the old gallery. The same date is the last day for Charlottetown's Confederation Gallery to show Jacob Jordaen's *As the Old Sing, so the Young Twitter*, the major canvas purchased by the National Gallery after the Jordaens show, and now being seen on a special one-painting tour around the country; from October 24 to November 2 it'll be at the Dalhousie University Gallery in Halifax.

The Art Gallery of Ontario's internationalism has been narrower in scope, consisting chiefly of a Buy American policy in recent years. This is due partly to its lesser funds, partly to its recognition of the need to build a representative U.S. collection, and partly to its over-emulation of New York. Anyway, it has acquired some important works in the process, and recently received some recognition for them when its untitled 1962-3 stainless steel circle by David Smith was among the works chosen to represent the sculptor in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's centennial show, *New York Painting and Sculpture 1940–1970*, which opens October 18.

Now if only the curators and directors who are promoting this booming export trade would insist with equal emphasis on the enlightened national culture which should be its base, we'd really begin to grow up at last.

Toronto,
Art Gallery of Ontario:
New Alchemy
to October 19

Subtitled "Elements, Systems and Forces in Contemporary Art," this is a highly original show organized by the Toronto gallery to explore the work of a heterogeneous, international assortment of artists usually rather vaguely grouped under the term, 'kinetic art.' Look especially for pieces by Takis, who has been instrumental in leading the fight against museum culture in recent years, and for the always absorbing work of Hans Haacke, who has achieved sculptural qualities as powerful and as evocative as the ocean by compressing water between plastic, by utilizing evaporation, condensation and bubbles, and more recently by blowing things with fans.

The exhibition is well conceived, but not well named. Contrast this show with the hokum, illusory environment offered by the *Magic Theatre*, which closes at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts October 5, and you'll see what I mean. The best of these artists resist the temptation to distract, seduce or overwhelm with effects, but use their understanding of the elements to constructive purpose, thus being more like chemical engineers than alchemists. They would make you more, not less, aware of the world around you—air, earth, fire, water, their constant changes and their current directions.

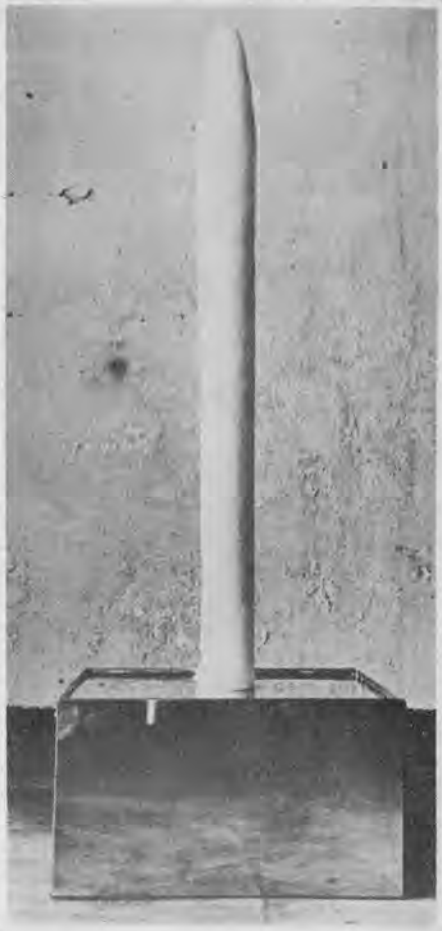
OTTAWA,
National Gallery of Canada:
Dan Flavin
to October 19

Another artist who works with the elemental to constructive ends is New Yorker Dan Flavin, seen here in an enormous retrospective of 114 pieces produced over the past dozen years. The show includes most of the artist's best-known fluorescent-tube pieces mounted on the walls, in corners and across doorways, six special light 'situations' designed for the National Gallery, and finds the origins of Flavin's work in his early paintings and some exquisite early drawings. It may be questioned whether we need this much Flavin—a few fluorescent tubes might do as well—but the wrap-it-all-up catalogue is a credit to the scholarship of curator Bryden Smith. Will he ever present a Canadian contemporary with this thoroughness?

MONTREAL,
Galerie Godard/Lefort:
Jacques Hurtubise
October 18–November 1

As Flavin flickers out in Ottawa, Hurtubise lights up in Montreal. He is a hard-working young Montreal artist who has been very highly rated for op-intensity paintings that have almost always seemed as decorative as perfume to me. (But the exceptions puzzle: like the brilliant canvas owned by the Vancouver Art Gallery.) For better or worse, one of Hurtubise's preoccupations has been the luminosity of colour: now he moves fully into it, constructing wall panels that programme the flicker of tubes and bulbs in strong hues on a black background. They have to be watched through a performance, and the effect of a group in the same gallery should be strongly environmental.

The Godard Lefort is off to a strong start this season, preceding Hurtubise with *Arp and Albers*, an important group of work in all media by the two artists (who were in fact friends), including an incised drawing on black plastic and a group of white-on-white etchings by colour theorist Josef Albers. The show closes October 16.



Haacke's "Ice Stick"

Flavin's "East New York Shrine"

ARCHIVE

TORONTO,
Carmen Lamanna Gallery:
Jean Noel
October 9–28

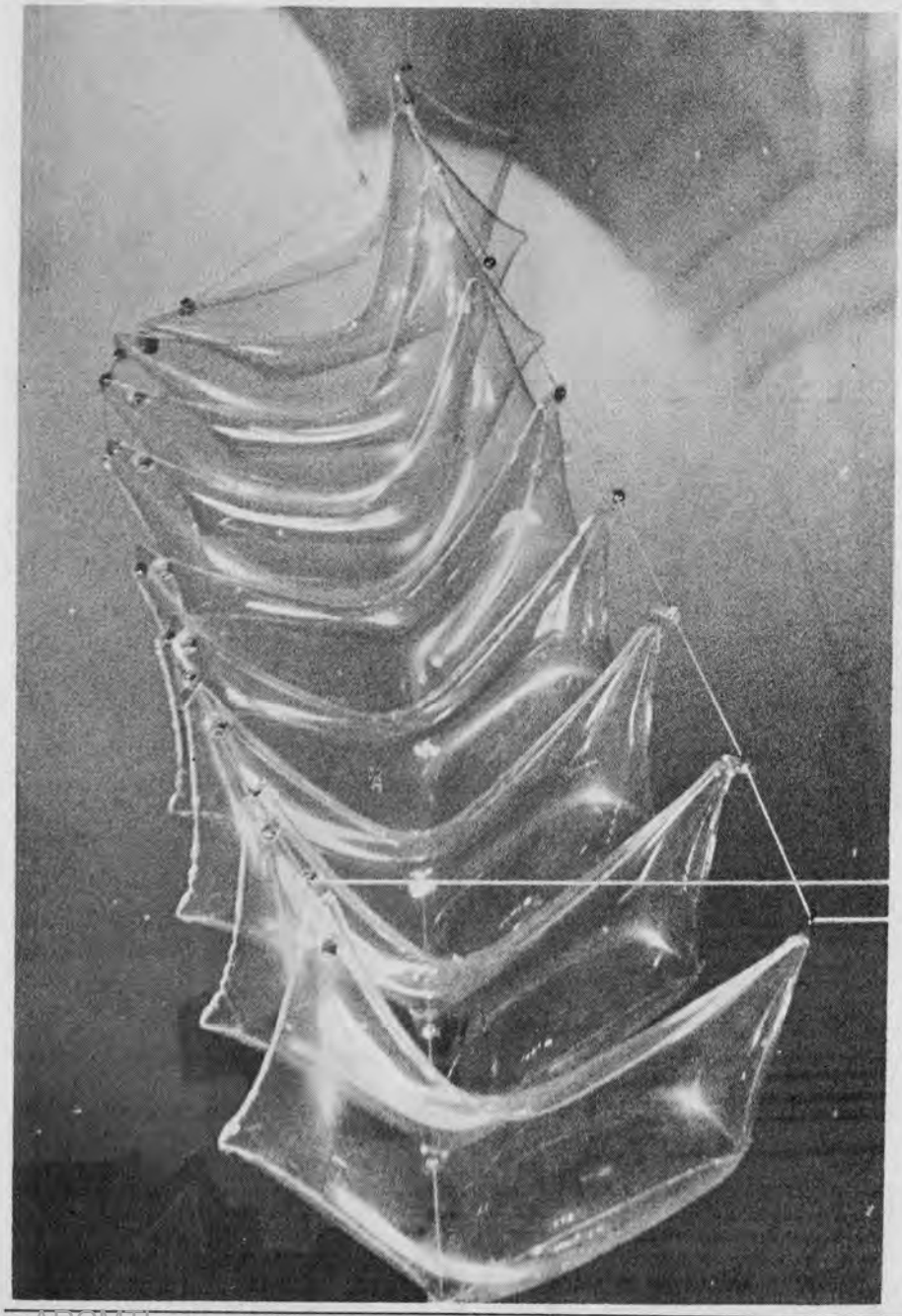
While Hurtubise turns on the lights, fellow Montrealer Jean Noel adds another element to his plastic sculpture—air! Keeping pace with the furniture designers, Noel now makes his wall and floor pieces inflatable, and of course, for collectors who want to take it with them, deflatable. Check your pins at the gallery door.

Although Iain Baxter has already puffed art up, Noel will do it with his characteristic concern for juxtaposition of plastic-bright colours in sensual shapes. Often decorative, occasionally more than.

REGINA,
Norman Mackenzie Art Gallery, U. of Sask.:
Ron Davis
to October 19

Another artist who has worked a lot in plastic is this leading Californian, seen here in seven or eight large paintings from the last two years. This is an important show in that Davis' concerns with colour and illusion will probably have a considerable effect on Saskatchewan painters long concerned with parallel problems arising from U. S. colour-field painting of the past decade: the Davis show might swing the Regina axis from New York to Los Angeles orientation, for the younger artists at least.

Overlapping and succeeding Davis is an interesting art-history offering that will come as no surprise to Torontonians who remember the big Mondrian show of a few years back at the Art Gallery of Ontario. Organized by specialist scholar Robert Welsh, *Piet Mondrian and Hague School Landscape Painting* shows the origins of Mondrian's lines and rectangles in late nineteenth-century Dutch landscapes centred around the Hague, often thought to be one of the most conservative schools of painting in the past century. This valuable insight into the beginnings of one of the most influential styles of this century opens October 10 and continues to November 9.



OTTAWA,
National Gallery of Canada:
Etchings of the First World War by Otto Dix
October 17—November 23

Still more service from the National Gallery this month, in the presentation of this exhibition of the group of 50 etchings collectively entitled *War* which Otto Dix created in 1924, based on his recollections and understanding of his years in the German trenches. Dix, whose work is usually compared with George Grosz, was so acute in his observation and so unrelenting in analysis that even today his work is not often shown, and not easy to look at when it is. Unlike many artist-commentators, Dix didn't stop at the front-lines (although his depiction of human carnage there can be compared with Goya), he also explored the side-effects of war in the brothels, and on the streets at home where he shows disfigured veterans neglected as beggars in the street. The etched line is anguished, fragmented, even formally painful.

The show is fittingly organized by Major R.F. Wodehouse, who is curator of the war collections of paintings and sculpture made in two World Wars from the other side of the front; the etchings come from the collection of Dix's son, Ursus, who also works at the gallery, as conservator for special projects.

MONTREAL
Musée d'Art Contemporain:
Hans Hartung
October 14—December 7

A retrospective of a German comparable in intensity but different in every other respect comes to the *Musée d'Art Contemporain* this month. Hans Hartung is an abstract expressionist who has been closely associated with the worst excesses of School-of-Paris gesture painting, derived from fundamental misunderstandings of everything from surrealism through dada to Jackson Pollock. Apparently radical 'abandonment' of painting conventions, but actually chic decoration.

Still the exhibition, organized by the Houston Art Museum from sources in Paris including the artist's own collection, will be definitive and probably should be seen.

ARCMTL

There's certainly no competition from the other museum in town, the one on Sherbrooke Street, that insults the Montreal public this month with a tawdry package show of *American Tapestries,* picked up from that ever-hustling New York dealer, the Slatkin Gallery.

VANCOUVER,
Vancouver Art Gallery:
Jack Shadbolt Retrospective
October 15—November 2

A retrospective a little closer to home is featured in Vancouver this month, as veteran local painter Jack Shadbolt is honoured with a survey of his career, during which he has moved restlessly through a succession of styles reflecting influences from England, New York and the U.S. northwest, Shadbolt has already provided us with his own book on a lifetime of drawing, and it will be interesting to see if similar formal links can be discerned in this show. The exhibition travels to Ottawa after its Vancouver opening, and then across the country.

The Vancouver gallery quietly backs up the Shadbolt show with an earlier historical backdrop, *The J.S. McLean Collection of Canadian Painting* just ending its year-long tour organized by the Art Gallery of Ontario. Including many well-known Group of Seven and related works, this solid show closes October 26. Both provide a little quiet relief after the exhilaration of *Directions '69,* with its kinetic *Fat Emma* by Dennis Vance suspended from the ceiling, carrying four passengers at a time through a sequence of programmed sounds; that show closes October 5.

TORONTO,
Jerrold Morris Gallery:
Kenojuak
October 4—18

More Canadian art history is to be seen at Morris, which is showing all the graphic work of Kenojuak, a handsome Eskimo woman who has been recognized for some years now as one of the leading Cape Dorset printmakers. These prints, a complete set, are being sold from a Toronto private collection, and their exhibition in one place provides a rare opportunity to consider the work of an Eskimo artist as a creative individual rather than merely one of a 'folk school.'

Morris follows *Kenojuak* with his eighth annual exhibition of drawings by modern masters; if you're well-heeled enough to be in the market, be there as close to the opening, October 25, as you can. They sell fast, and buyers come some distance to bid.

WINNIPEG
Univ. of Manitoba and Winnipeg Art Gallery:
Don Reichert
October 3—25 (University);
October 25—November 16 (Gallery)

One of the more interesting developments on the prairies in recent years has been the rapid evolution of Don Reichert's work from rather

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Art student Gord Chiddicks recently surveyed some 70 representative citizens of Guelph, Ontario, asking them to tell him which of ten colour postcards they preferred, and which they liked least. Nine of them were reproductions of painting; the tenth, to which most were indifferent, was a hyped-up tourist snapshot of a fishing lake.

The most popular painting was Buffalo Newsboy by Thomas LeClear, a nineteenth-century American artist you probably never heard of. The reason for his popularity is his naturalism and probably his sentimental appeal; most gave verisimilitude as their criterion for all works of art.

Jackson Pollock elicited strong reactions, both approved and condemned by teen-agers, liked by people in their twenties, tolerated by the middle-aged, and strongly disliked by subjects over 45. The 46-60 age group tended to favour Andrew Wyeth's magic realism, as did the 17 to 21 age group; curiously, the younger teen-agers didn't go for this supposedly universally popular artist—perhaps because they're not old enough for nostalgia, or couldn't identify with Christina's World.

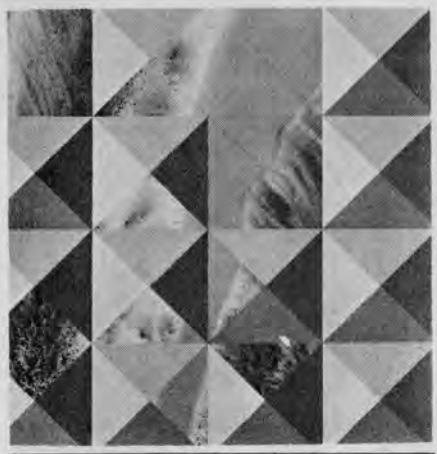
Thumbs down on Andy Warhol and Piet Mondrian. After verisimilitude, most judged a picture by how much work had gone into it. Frank Stella's hard-edge canvas Fez drew shrugs from those under 45, rejection from older people.

Rembrandt's Man with a Golden Helmet was predictably popular at all age levels, but had to share affections with a Douanier Rousseau flower piece in the 46-60 group. A Van Gogh self-portrait wasn't liked under 30, but was acclaimed in the 30-60 range—presumably the generation that learned that post-impressionism was the summation of all art.

	Le Clear	Pollock	Wyeth	Warhol	Rembrandt
Ages					
12-16					
17-21					
22-30					
31-45					
46-60					
60					
Overall					

ARCHIVE

turgid decoration to expansive abstractions of potent colour in large spatial fields. Reichert used a Canada Council grant to do nothing but paint for the past year, and now needs both the University of Manitoba gallery and the Winnipeg Art Gallery to show the best of the results. A show not to be missed.



TORONTO
Vanier College, York University:
Ron Martin
October 21—November 14

Another important one-man show this month is the 1968 sequence of the *Conclusion and Transfer* series by London, Ont. artist Ron Martin. These are big twin paintings— that is, a painting consists of an identical pair of shaped canvases, each one over twelve feet long and to be shown three or four feet apart—so more than commercial-gallery space is needed. They are complex advances on the triangles of the preceding year, which were also big twins. The dual-image repeat does strange things to the phenomenology of the painting, and the hard-edge elements are tightly constructed in rhythmic relations. The colours lock in, not easy, not decorative.

TORONTO,
Isaacs Gallery:
Reg Holmes
to October 14

A much weaker variety of hard-edge shaped-canvas painting can be seen at Isaacs this month. Reg Holmes now lives in New York, but came from Vancouver, and his continuing play with dimensional illusion will appeal to those who still have patience for that kind of west-coast parody. I keep waiting for something more to come of it.

Holmes will be followed at Isaacs by veteran wood sculptor Anne Kahane, whose figurative dislocations open October 15 and continue to November 3.

STRATFORD,
Rothmans Art Gallery:
London S.W. 17
to November 1

Ron Martin, because of the size of his work and because he is not affiliated with private London dealer Nancy Poole who has organized this show, will probably be one of the few London artists not represented in this new survey for the neighbouring Stratford gallery of the continually churning London, Ont. scene. Greg Curnoe, simply because all his recent work is tied up in shows and sales, will also not be included. Most everyone else will be there, including St. Catharines emigré John Boyle. Director Robert Ihrig plans to assemble the two-to-three-works-each by the 17 artists in just two of his galleries, to surround you with a London environment.

TORONTO,
Royal Ontario Museum:
Craft Dimensions Canada
to November 2

A group show of a very different kind is this juried round-up of the Canadian crafts scene at, of all places, the R.O.M. Co-sponsored by

There may be divided feeling between Pollock and Wyeth among the younger folk, but most are still solid on Rembrandt and naturalism.

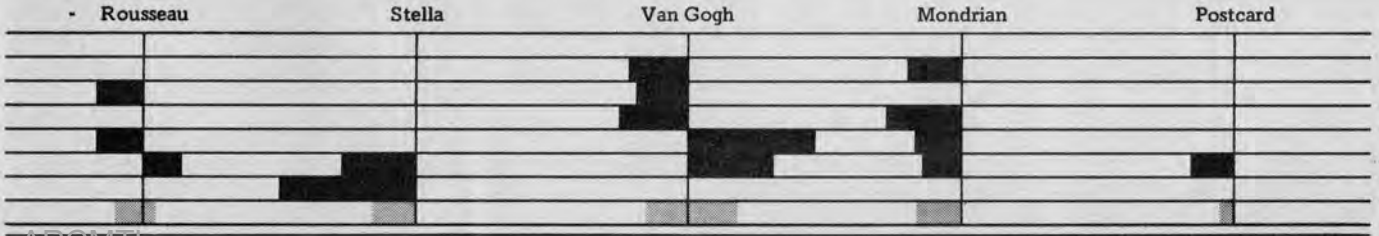
If the tastemakers are propagating unisex or bourgeois ideology to the rest of us, they're doing a pretty effective job in Guelph. Chiddicks could find no significant variations due to sex or class: women agreed with men, and engineering students or professionals had reactions similar to those of factory workers and housewives. In answer to another question, he found that most were equally oblivious of modern design, largely accepting that things look as they do because that's the way they look, regardless of wage or age level.

In another interesting part of the survey, almost three out of four said they would rather go to the live theatre than to the movies or watch television, if there were a convenient playhouse with prices they could afford.

The survey has obvious limitations. It was taken on a small sample, in a provincial city (pop. 50,000) with a growing university one hour away from Toronto. Most of the subjects associated art galleries and theatres with Toronto. Many may have been answering only what they thought a university student wanted to hear. Having completed the assignment, Chiddicks would like to do it again, with a larger sample and refined interview techniques. But as completed here it does suggest an interesting kind of demographic criticism, a type of research that would be useful before we begin claiming that Warhol—or modern design for that matter—has done this or that to people's consciousness.

The bar graph here shows, to the right of the median, the percentage of each age group selecting that work as the best, and to the left the proportion of each group picking it as the worst. Over-all averages are shown in gray at the bottom for each picture.

Rousseau | Stella | Van Gogh | Mondrian | Postcard



the Canadian Guild of Crafts (Ontario) and partly paid for by the Canada Council, this is official culture indeed, with opening presentations by M. Pelletier.

Craft Dimensions is the title of a U. S. mag in the field, and if you think the present exhibition title spells Americanization, you're dead right. Imported jurors this time were all from the land of the free, where, as we know, the most disinterested, talented, really professional experts on crafts all are. Glen Kaufman of the University of Georgia (!), metal craftsman Ronald H. Pearson, and ceramist Robert Turner used their expertise to select 188 exhibitors from over 900 entries. They found 95 ceramic entries worthy, 41 textiles, 24 pieces of jewellery, 10 pieces of furniture and a few works in other media.

Stoneware vase by Dorothy Midanik

So sad to see the crafts people making the same foreign-expert bow to the south as their fine-arts colleague are forever doing. The results were no more satisfactory—I know for one example that Guerite Fera Steinbacher's outstanding weaving was rejected, and there are undoubtedly more. At least the prizes were spread out, totalling 22 of $100 each.

Less tedious and far more intriguing you will probably find the other R.O.M. show this month, a group of 56 Chinese paintings from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries on view in the Far Eastern Galleries. The core of the show, 33 paintings in all, comes from the collection of Earl Morse of New York, while another 23 have been added from Toronto private collections. Entitled *In Pursuit of Antiquity*, this rare treat for Toronto continues to October 26; on October 9 there's a special lecture on the Morse collection by Professor R. Edwards of the University of Michigan.

TORONTO
Gallery Pascal:
Prints from Yugoslavia
October 15—November 5

One of the advantages of early-blooming revisionism in Yugoslavia was that the artists were encouraged to extend their existing connections with contemporary western art; they were particularly active in the field of printmaking, and soon established Ljubljana as one of the world capitals of the graphic arts. Here are some 80 prints by 18 of these Yugoslavs, basically comparable to Paris print-making in recent decades, but with some differences. Worth seeing, if only to identify the highly influential type.

Other Scenes

Toronto's Pollock Gallery has closed its large wharehouse gallery Phase II, and has cut back its Canadian artists to just six. One of them, *Paul Fournier* will show this month from October 14 to 30. Fournier has moved from his characteristic large, open landscapes to even bigger and more aethereal impressionist abstractions in the last year, and promises six canvases and some works on paper for this show.

Dunkelman in Toronto is showing the constructive-op canvases of *Victor Vasarely* (October 4—November 1), while Moos offers the arty bronzes of Belgian *Nat Neujean*, who casts his work in Florence. The David Mirvish Gallery is closed for extensive alterations, but personnel and collections can be found in the former Artists' Workshop building just behind the gallery; the gallery will open again in much-enlarged quarters on January 15.

In Montreal, the Walter Klinkhoff Gallery is showing new work by Kingston's grand old man, *André Biéler* (to October 11) and will follow with a show of watercolours and drawings from the estate of the late Group of Seven artist, *Arthur Lismer* (October 27—November 8). In Kingston itself the Agnes Etherington Art Centre at Queen's University is showing 40 drawings from the Art Gallery of Ontario collection, in a touring selection called *Four Centuries of Master Drawings* (October 6—27).

Other Ontario gallery shows on tour this month are *Art Nouveau*, a didactic exhibition prepared by Paul Russell, at the University of Guelph from October 6 to 27, and *Canadian Paintings of the Sixties* from the Toronto Collection at Rodman Hall Art Centre in St Catharines, the same dates.

The Regina Public Library shows real ingenuity and enterprise in offering a glimpse back this month at an early Saskatchewan portraitist, Inglis Sheldon-Williams. We need more such shows by local galleries and museums to develop our understanding of regional historical qualities.

Finally, the *Rent Collection Courtyards* sculpture group from China discussed in the August issue of *five cent* can be examined in handsome reproduction in a booklet of good size from Foreign Languages Press, Peking. It's called *Rent Collection Courtyard--Sculptures of Oppression and Revolt*, and includes some interesting documentation on the original courtyard of pre-revolutionary days, plus a running commentary on the reproductions. This in answer to a number of inquiries.

BARRY LORD

Notes

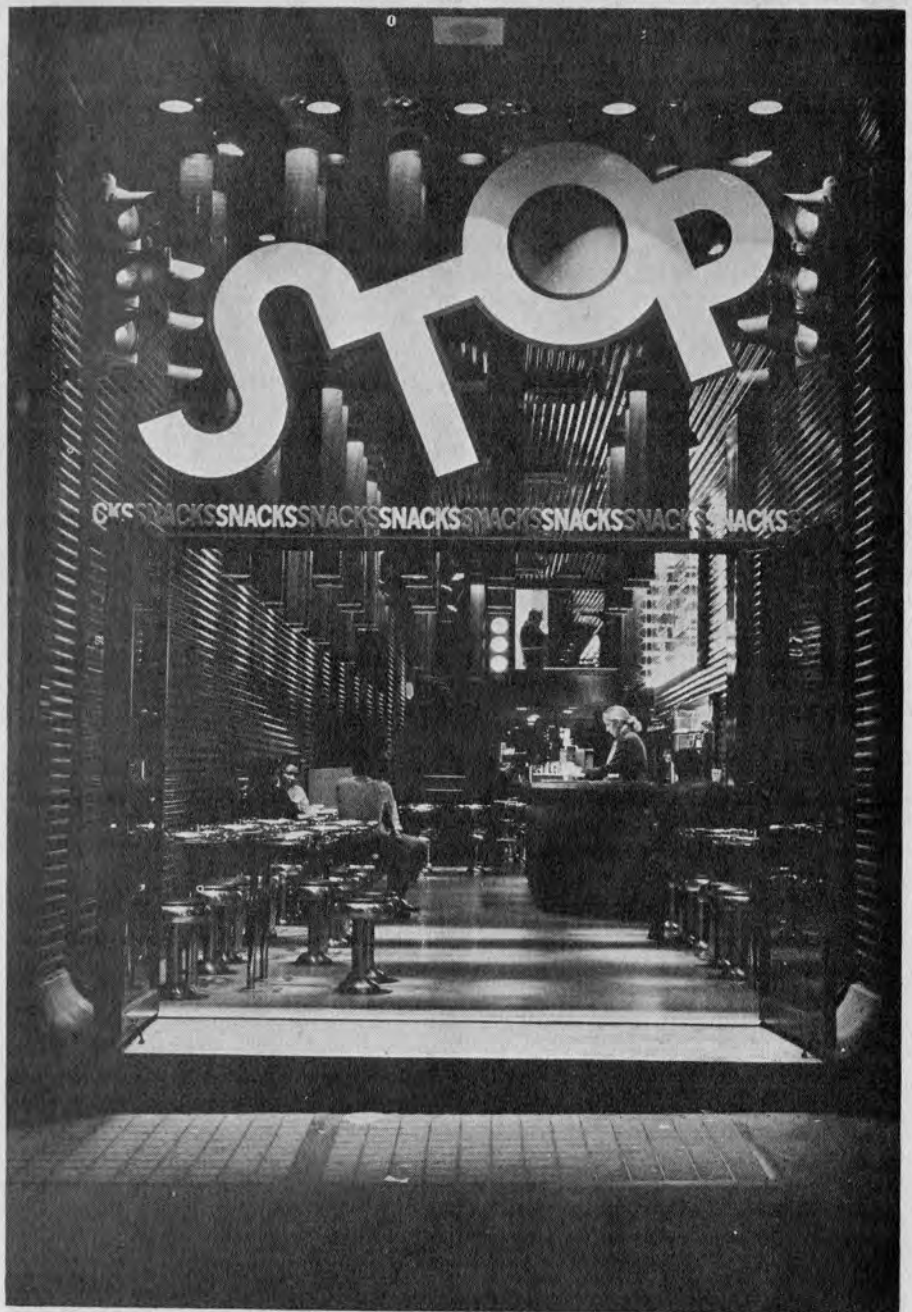
ARCHIVE

five cents' worth of

OTHER THINGS

Red lights signal STOP, a new designed dog-burger-fries joint just opened on Ste Catharine street. ARC, the design consultants of established CNR, spent months with owner Len Dickman discussing a fast service place in which people would linger. The result is a practically tableless disposable set-up. Your food served on a red tray from the counter is carried by you to your chosen chrome ring which becomes the table. The ash tray and purse hook included. Walls are of corrugated fiberglas wrapping the insides and top. Continuous music on tapes by an ex-New York D.J. Lighting comes from long red fiberglas pipes normally used to shunt oil. The maroon atmosphere, next door to orange and eerie blue, tastes as good as the peace-burger. Ask for it.

BENNI SNAYK



Robert Fulford, editor of *Saturday Night* magazine, boasts that he has not missed reading an issue of *Time Canada* for 20 years.

After a lapse due to changing editors and publishers, London, Ont.'s 20 Cents Magazine ($.25 in Canada, free everywhere else) is back in business with a good May issue and an even better summer number. You don't have to live in London to dig the reviews, which are likely to be about a t.v. show the rest of us saw anyway, or pop music heard everywhere, as much as discussing plays or exhibitions produced in the vibrant little city on the Thames. Some of the copy now emanates from St Catharines anyway.

Occasionally, as in some of the daily journals faithfully printed, the personal biography can be tedious. But at its brightest 20 Cents' prose is warm, human personal. Best in recent issues was a rambling review of London teacher Victor Hoar's book The Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion, historically-comically-pastorally-tragically considered in the light of Don Quixote and Beau Geste by an engaging Old Leftie, Matthew Wherry. His personal involvement, seasoned with satirical self-consciousness, is London, Ont. style perfected.

"Made in Canada by Canadians" as the masthead boasts, 20 Cents really costs a quarter; 10-issue yearly subs can be had for $3.00 from Box 151, Station B, London, Ont.

Brilliant examples of Ukrainian weaving can be seen at the homes of traditional craftswomen Mrs Nick Evanetz of Franklin Street in Brantford, and Mrs Romanuik of R.R. 1, Wilsonville, just twelve miles south of Brantford. Neither lady wants to sell, but their designs of vibrant colour on white linen in complex geometric patterns are worth stopping to see if you're in the area. One of Mrs Romanuik's cushion covers deserves a museum.

About that Tenth International Documentary Film Festival . . .

Very, very, very occasionally, a news release comes in that just has to be printed as received. Here is one of those rare, happy occasions:

You're a well-informed Canadian, but . . . do you know where the Tenth Biennial International Documentary Film Festival is being held from October 22 to 24, 1969?

In Canada?

Right! But where in Canada?

Montreal? Toronto? Ottawa? Go West . . .

Winnipeg?

Well, you're getting closer, but perhaps we're being unfair. You may never have heard of the little Saskatchewan city with a population of 15,000 that dares to hold a film festival. The city is Yorkton. And we weren't kidding, Yorkton is holding its *Tenth International* Documentary Film Festival.

We started this ambitious project in 1950, and since then we have screened films from Scandinavia, central Europe, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union, Commonwealth countries, Communist China and many other countries.

We have adjudicators, and give Golden Sheaf awards, awards that hang in honoured spots in many film producers' offices around the world.

But we wish everyone in Canada knew about it.

We think that it's a good story, a story like the Stratford Festival, the Calgary Stampede, the Pan-Am games in Winnipeg, Montreal's Expo, or the fun happenings of our Centennial year. We think it might inspire other people in other cities to have the audacity to try the impossible and do a darn good job of it.

The International Film Festival isn't our only claim to fame. Ask your favorite psychiatrist about our Psychiatric Centre. Ask Teacher's College at Columbia University, New York, which city in Canada was the first to have them do an educational survey. Ask someone in registered seed grains if they've ever heard of Yorkton. Ask the Saskatchewan Arts Board what they think of the Yorkton Art Centre. And next Christmas, when you're enjoying your Christmas dinner, the odds are very good that that delicious turkey came from here.

Why Yorkton? Well, we've been asked that before! When you come to visit us you'll find that a little city on the prairies can be pretty aware of the whole world, pretty sophisticated and mighty successful in getting those things in life that it wants!

Montreal is a horny juicer's dream. Don't always expect satisfaction because that's not always part of the deal. Weave through the streets bounded by Peel, Sherbrooke and Ste Catherine and you're bound to find your bag.

Tonight Stanley's Don Juan has a few Alouettes in practice. Music there is loud enough to discotheque the dance floor with if they're willing. Girls all shapes and sizes ready to ignore their DATES for a dance with you if you're different. Accountants, lawyers, sports, hustlers and friends of the management mingle to one solid kaleidoscope of broken glass. Talk about pot, typing or waterskiing, you'll score.

Seven Steps Pub just down the street certainly the most unpretentious place of all the agenda. A dump, it cares nothing beyond its semblance to the Boiler Room. This places it in the exalted position of refuge, hideout, tourist-repeller, maybe everything to make it acceptable to the fringe. Everybody knows the fringe is unusual, so if you go there remember, the FRINGE.

Quick, over to the Boiler Room before it fills up. Gotta get in, gotta get IN. Neat dressers messed up can always talk to the priest at the bar, but if you're together you're from New York, Toronto or something. So make sure you're part of the afternoon crowd and nighttime should be no problem.

If it's not YOU, hop and stagger next door. The Sir W. Churchill Pub will absorb you. Prime yourself on figures of this month's assets, fees or xerox output, cause those girls and guys are demanding. The closer you get to the back, the better your chances are of something.

Rev your feet and walk a block. The choice grows. Nip into the Annex for some FRENCH apple pie and a beer. Movies in the back with intermissions. Cosy red down in the basement. Don't forget what you did and saw, *Je suis désolée mes amis, je ne travaille pas* for the C.B.C.

Prag high school next door doesn't look forward to graduation. No pointy toes please.

Uptown hair and a little coffee gets you back on your feet for the Little Club across the street. Here's a bar that couldn't care less. Come with friends because it's strictly what it is.

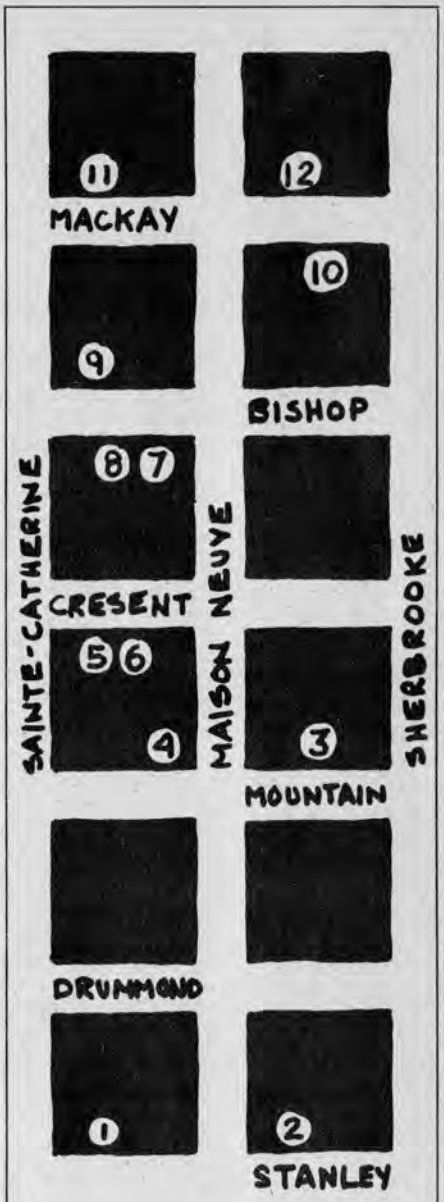
Put your tie on now because you're moving west to La Licorne or Chez Zou-Zou or La Rose Rouge.

Didn't bring a tie? Tough luck. You can always walk back to that outdoor place facing Maisonneuve near Bishop. Sit there for an hour, nurse a beer and try figuring on who those people are Chez Bourgetel. So FENCY.

So beautiful. So round. $4.70 a jar. It is a good corner and if you get a seat, sit down and stop wondering who sits there. There's my hairdresser now.

Green light, cross over and head up to the Bistro. They say nobody ever goes there, so it may be a good place to end the night.

BENNI SNAYK



1 SEVEN STEPS
2 DON JUAN
3 BISTRO
4 CHEZ BOURGETEL
5 THE PUB
6 BOILER ROOM
7 ANNEX
8 PRAG
9 LITTLE CLUB
10 CHEZ ZOU-ZOU
11 LA LICORNE
12 LA ROSE ROUGE

ARCHIVE

J.W.G. (Jock) MacDonald (1897-1960)
Far Off Drums
Lucite 44 on canvas, 35 3/4 x 42 in.
From the permanent collection of the National Gallery of Canada

A retrospective of 36 works by this early Canadian abstract artist will be seen at the National Gallery until October 12, after which it will tour under the auspices of the Gallery's Extension Services. It will be at Agnes Etherington Art Centre, Kingston, October 15-November 15; Edmonton Art Gallery, December 1-December 31; The Burnaby Art Gallery, January 15-February 15; London Public Library and Art Museum, March 1-March 31.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

Elgin Street, Ottawa 4

ARCMTL

Open daily 10am to 6pm; Tuesday and Thursday, 10am to 10pm; Sundays and public holidays, 2pm to 6pm. Closed Mondays. Admission free.

FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF OCTOBER

			This month be sure to read Russell Marois' new novel *The Telephone Pole*, just released by the House of Anansi (Toronto)	2	*Toronto:* 8:15, O'Keefe Centre, last chance to catch the Canadian Opera Company's *Elektra*	4
Vancouver: at the Vancouver Art Gallery, last chance to see *Direction '69:* take a trip in Dennis Vance's *Fat Emma*, see Dallas Selman's *Black Night Rip*, other stuff	*Toronto:* last performance of *Turandot* by the Canadian Opera Company, O'Keefe Centre, 8:15	*Ottawa:* debut of the National Arts Centre orchestra under Mario Bernardi; soloist is Ronald Turini, pianist	*Stratford:* last public performance of *Hamlet* at the Festival, 8:30	*Toronto:* see if the new alchemists are any better than the old at an Artist's Seminar on *The New Alchemy* exhibition at the Art Gallery of Ontario	*Toronto:* Canadian Opera Company's last performance of *Rigoletto*, O'Keefe Centre, 8:15	*Stratford:* at last, the Festival ends, with the last public performance of *Measure for Measure* at 8:30, and your last day to see *People in the Park* outside the Rothmans gallery
Montreal: Old Master Drawings draws to a close at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts	*Toronto:* last day to see the shaped canvases of Reg Holmes at the Isaacs Gallery	*Hamilton:* Daniel Goldberg, Ivan Reitman and John Hofsess go on trial on obscenity charges laid against the preview showing of their new film, *Columbus of Sex;* open to the public, but spectators must bring their own popcorn	*Paris, Ont.:* hoe your own row at the International Plowing Match and Farm Machinery Demonstration continues to the 18th	16	17	*Ottawa:* our Prime Minister celebrates (quietly, no doubt) his fiftieth birthday—or is it his forty-eighth? fifty-second? Anyway, wish him a happy
Regina: last day for the Ron Davis show at the Norman Mackenzie Art Gallery on the university campus	20	*Toronto:* Karel Ancerl conducts the Toronto Symphony in a programme of Debussy, Matton and Franck, with Canadian duo-pianists Morisset and Bouchard as guests; Massey Hall.	22	23	24	*Winnipeg:* Don Reichert's one-man show closes its first part at the University of Manitoba, opens its second at the Winnipeg Art Gallery
Florence, Italy: the selection of drawings from the collection of the National Gallery of Canada closes here today; on to the Louvre	*Toronto:* a new theatre group formed by the University of Toronto's Graduate Centre for the Study of the Drama and the St Lawrence Centre for the Arts begins its repertory season	*Montreal:* Christie, Manson and Woods (Canada) Ltd, and Montreal Book Auctions present their 1969 auction of Canadiana at the Ritz Carlton	29	*Toronto:* last day to see the landscapes of Canadian painter Paul Fournier at the Pollock Gallery on Markham	31	